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BACKWARD GLANCES.

BY SIDNEY TORREY.

To night I turn to trace the years
That lead me back to childhood's days:
Yet I but faintly see the way,
With eyes made dim by falling tears.

As distant hills through autumn air,
Aglow in sunset's golden shine,
Do seem to touch the world divine,
And its transfigured glory share:

So Time, with memory's mellow light,
Has haloed all the past for me:
And through my kerescope I see
Nor gloomy day, nor stormy night.

O years, roll back that I may see
That loose room house on meadow run,
With walls made brown by storm and sun,
Which then was all the world to me!

My soul cries out for that home-band,
Its well-beloved ones, severed wide;
Ah! some have cross'd the darksome tide
To far off shores of summer land.

Why come these dreams this pensive eve,
Of scenes long past and vanished joy?
Sweet dreams, that daylight may destroy,
And leave my heart to sigh and grieve.

Could I but tread the backward way,
Unwind the slack'ning thread of Time—
Restore the lost—youth's nowery prime—
My life would be one golden day!

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER IX—[CONTINUED.]

Maurice did not heed these last words; he looked on Madeline as pledged to him now, and he began to talk, lover-like, of future prospects and future happiness. And as Madeline answered and listened, the hours went swiftly by, till sunset crept upon them, and they thought the day was short.

"I shall tell Mr. Lanyon to-night," whispered Maurice, as they hastened homewards hand in hand, like children, laughing as they went.

To all but the lovers it was a gloomy evening. Lord Crehylls was excited and talkative, but he talked at random, and filled his glass often with a nervous hand. Lady Crehylls was pale and silent, while Mr. Lanyon, with his worn face deeply lined with care, watched her anxiously.

Scarcely was dinner over when Lord Crehylls, murmuring something of an appointment with a farmer, opened the window, and strode away among the tall shadows lying on the lawn. Lady Crehylls rose instantly with tears in her eyes, and quitted the room. Madeline followed and overtook her in the hall.

"Are you not going into the drawing-room, Agatha?" she said, in a disappointed tone. "I want to speak to you. I have something to tell you."

"I am ready to hear you, Miss Sylvester," said Lady Crehylls, coldly.

Leading the way into the drawing room, Lady Crehylls seated herself on a lounge by the window. Here her eyes followed her husband's figure, and never turned once towards her companion. Deeply hurt, Madeline stood near her, wondering within herself what new mood had seized this spoiled child of fortune. There was a moment's silence; then Lady Crehylls broke it.

"Apparently," she said with a nervous laugh, "you have nothing to say, Miss Sylvester. I am going up to the nursery to see my boy."

She rose as she spoke, and would have passed out of the room, but Madeline barred the way. The two women seemed to have changed characters, and it was Madeline who, in her new-found happiness, was quiet and gentle.

"I only wished to tell you," she said, "that I am engaged to Mr. Pellew. I thought you would be glad to hear it."

The color flew to Lady Crehylls' face, dyeing it a sudden scarlet.

"I am glad to hear it," she answered; "but remembering all you said to me the other day, it is hard to believe."

With this, Lady Crehylls was gone, sweeping by Madeline coldly, and without another word.

As his daughter quitted the dining-room Mr. Lanyon looked after her with an uneasy glance. His eyes followed her only; he never saw the stately figure of Madeline as she passed through the doorway, and he started when Maurice mentioned her name.

"Has Madeline told you that we are engaged?" he said.

"Yes," returned Mr. Lanyon, "she has told me, Maurice; and I am very thankful—inexpressibly thankful—to hear that your sense and courage have conquered. I knew Madeline loved you, and I believe you will both be very happy. I hope the wedding will be soon."

"Then Madeline has not told you we are to wait a year?" observed Maurice.

"No, and why do so?" asked Mr. Lanyon, playing nervously with his glass. "The fortune I shall give my adopted daughter will be quite sufficient for your mutual comfort, even if your means were much smaller than they are."

"Oh, but I am not the man to live on my wife's money," said Maurice. "And it seems that Madeline has not named to you that she insists on my following my profession?"

"No," replied Mr. Lanyon; "but I think she is right. I see no reason why you should leave it."

"Nor I," said Maurice. "If, as Madeline supposes, her father was victimised by circumstances, and has in reality left her a stainless name."

Mr. Lanyon set down his glass and gazed at the young man with a look of amazed fear, which broke in a moment into anger.

"You promised me," he said, "not to mention to her the fact of the hawker's disappearance. It is the sole fact which throws a shadow of doubt on Walter Sherborne's guilt, and it is a shadow so faint, that it is cruel—yes, I say cruel—to name it to his daughter."

Surprised at his passion, Maurice replied, coldly, "Neither have I named it, Mr. Lanyon. Madeline appears to have formed her opinion on other grounds; perhaps on inquiries she has made in this neighborhood."

"Impossible," cried Mr. Lanyon. "She could hear nothing from the people round Crehylls."

"I did not question her on the grounds of her belief," said Maurice. "I was glad to avail myself of it, to overcome her objection to our engagement; but, otherwise, it is certainly not an agreeable theme to me, any more than to yourself, and I really think it would be wise if we ceased to discuss it. I am resolved on this: I will never lead Madeline's thought to this subject, or permit her to enlarge on it to me. She has too morbid a cast of mind already."

"I agree with you entirely," said Mr. Lanyon, with an air of infinite relief. "You have great sense and judgment, Maurice. You will make Madeline forget the whole story when she is your wife. Bury it in oblivion—that is the best and wisest way—bury it deep out of sight for ever. Come, shall we go to the ladies?"

CHAPTER X.

Lord Crehylls sauntered gloomily through the avenues of his great park. Instinctively he sought the deepest shadows, and plunged on amid rank grass and tall bracken, growing wildly where the deer loved to browse. The herds were feeding now, and many a startled hind rushed by him in sudden fear as his solitary step brushed the dew, and his solitary shadow, huge and weird-like in the evening sun, came sweeping over their pasturage, swift and ghostly. His thoughts were troubled as he went, and his hasty stride showed the fever of his mind. Why had his wife spoken to him to-day of Madeline—that Madeline whose beautiful face haunted his uneasy dreams, even now at times making him wake from slumber with a low cry of pain upon his lips? What had Agatha heard? Who had told her this old, forgotten story of his foolish boy-love? Had he not suffered enough in it, that it should be raked up now, and flung at him reproachfully by his wife? It was the painfullest memory he had, this romantic boy-passion, which had been quenched in bloodshed, stifled by the slain corse of Mathew Carbis, and the reproachful, proud face of the ruined gentleman, Walter Sherborne. Why should the haggard eyes, the reckless, gaunt looks of this man, haunt him now? It was not his fault that he died in prison by his own hand. He was far away upon the sea, little guessing of the tragic woe at home. Mr. Lanyon should have saved him for his sake, whether he was guilty or no. Guilty! Who could be reckoned guilty that crushed the life out of such a reptile as Mathew Carbis?

So ran his thoughts, while from amidst the evening mists there grew upon his eyes a pale, lovely face, which smiled and beckoned, then vanished sadly, shrouded in the deep night of mystery and of crime.

Wandering on purposeless, Lord Crehylls found himself at last in the long avenue of beech trees, which ran through the park, and terminated at the entrance-gate and lodge. The glimmer of the tall granite pillars on either side the gate, and the glitter of the Crehylls crest upon the top—a mailed hand crushing a dragon—caught his glance, and as he gazed more steadily, he saw, amid the slanting beams of the setting sun, a man's figure beckoning to him sorrowfully. Hastening his steps involuntarily, he perceived in a moment that the man's face was a dead face, cold and gray as ice. "Michael!" he cried aloud. Michael did not answer, but he removed his hat, and stood uncovered till his foster-brother reached him, and grasped his hand heartily. But their hands met between the bars of the heavy iron gate, for Lord Crehylls stood within it, and Michael stood without, upon the dusty road.

"Were you coming to the castle, Michael?" asked Lord Crehylls. He flung the gate wide open as he spoke, as though inviting him to enter; but Michael Polgrain stepped back a pace or two, and, catching the swinging gate as it neared him, he closed it gently.

"It is twelve years since I was within this gate," he said, "and I shall never step within it again, my lord."

"As you will, Michael," returned Lord Crehylls, in that sort of tone in which one might speak to a self-willed child. "It is very long, you know, since I took offence at your incivility."

If any color could ever rise to Michael Polgrain's white face it might have risen now; but except a grayer tint upon his cheeks, no change betrayed his emotion.

"Incivility, do you call it?" he said, wistfully. "That's a hard word for a poor man like me to use, but it could be a harder thing still to do. Lord Crehylls, there is not one among your grand friends would do for you what I would, uncivil or no."

"Do you think I don't know that, Michael?" replied the young man, mournfully. "Pleasant acquaintances I have many, and relations a few, but I have but one friend—the same who, as a boy, saved my life when I was drowning, and the same who, as a man, has obstinately refused to accept any kindness from me."

"Sweet is the bread one earns oneself," said Michael.

"That's all very well," observed Lord Crehylls, pettishly; "but you don't think, Michael, how you hurt me by your morosences. It is hard to have all kindness and regard constantly thrown back at one's own head."

Michael Polgrain gazed earnestly and sadly at the speaker.

"That's truth too, I reckon," he said sorrowfully, "but I can never take a gift from you, for all that. A gift blinds the eye, and deafens the ear, and the world is dark enough to me as it is."

Humoring him, as we humor those whom some infirmity of brain has taken a point or two beyond the bounds of reason, Lord Crehylls said kindly:

"No gift of mine shall ever take the sunshine from you, Michael; but you won't object to Lady Crehylls doing you a kindness, surely?"

Michael looked up quickly, with a painful expression on his pallid face.

"I don't know why we have got upon this talk," he said, in a gruff way. "I didn't come to this gate to talk about myself. Her ladyship is very good, but the hand of a Lanyon shall never give me anything in charity. I want nothing, my lord. I am well off for a poor man."

"You are horribly provoking," returned Lord Crehylls, in a vexed tone; "you make it a reproach to me in the county, that a man who was my foster-brother, the companion of my sickly childhood, the preserver of my life, is permitted by me to be a smuggler and a vagabond."

"If they never bring a worse reproach than that against you and me, my lord," said Michael, "I shall live content. And I am no vagabond; that was a hard word to say."

"Well, Michael, we won't argue the point any more," said Lord Crehylls, "as it is evident we shall never agree. Smuggling, however, is unlawful; and I must tell you, that if you are brought before me by the revenue officers, when I am sitting on the magisterial bench, I shall have to commit you to gaol, no matter what my private feelings may be."

With his pale face growing whiter, and his head still uncovered, Michael Polgrain stood before his foster-brother, hearing this in perfect silence.

"Put on your hat, man," said Lord Crehylls, impatiently. "Why don't you leave this smuggling, Michael? You understand me, I hope? You perceive, that if you are captured one of these nights, and brought before me, I must do my duty, even if it cuts me to the heart."

Michael put his hand before his eyes, as though driving away some mist of darkness which stood there blinding him.

"Yes, yes, my lord," he said hurriedly, "I understand. You'll put me in prison and hang me, if the king's men seize me. It won't matter much for a poor man like me whether he dies by drowning or hanging. I have no wife and child to suffer dreadful grief for me; I have no rank and name to fall in the dust when I fall."

"But you have a sister," returned Lord Crehylls, much moved; "and I am sure, Michael, you don't think me such a stock or stone that I could see you suffer by the law for your offence, without feeling bitter grief?"

"Suffer by the law for your offence," repeated Michael, dreamily, letting his eye rest for a moment on the handsome, happy face of his friend. "Yes, you'd be sorry for me, I know. But what then?" he continued, echoing the words Lord Crehylls had just said to him. "One must do one's duty, even if it cuts one to the heart. For only those who leave it undone can tell what the conscience suffers afterwards. There's a real difference, my lord, between wilful blindness and real blindness."

"Who doesn't know that, Michael?" responded Lord Crehylls, more cheerfully. "I wish you would see it your duty to leave off cheating His Majesty's Excise. In fact, I wish with all my heart, my good Michael, you weren't half mad as well as half blind."

The words were a little careless, a little cruel, perhaps, though Lord Crehylls did not mean them so, and he turned on his heel as he spoke, as though the conference were ended, and the expostulation he had uttered were a duty he was glad to be rid of.

"Stop," said Michael, quietly: "don't go yet. I have stood a long while at this gate, hoping to get a word with you, and I have not said it yet. You have talked to me about myself, and I wanted to talk about you."

"About me!" cried Lord Crehylls. "Well, Michael, what is it?"

"Only this," he replied, "that if you want me, I am to be found day and night at my sister's, Grace Cragwynne's. Mind, I'm there, if sorrow comes upon you; and you won't blame me for it, I hope. I have struggled on so many years,"—here his arms dropped hopelessly by his side,—"but there's no fighting against Fate. When the day comes the word and deed appointed for it comes too."

Knowing the superstition of the man, Lord Crehylls did not wonder much at this speech.

"Well, Michael," he said, with a light laugh, "if trouble comes to me, I won't lay it upon your head. Never fear that. And I won't promise to knock you up either in the day or night to tell you of it."

"You are mistaken there," said Michael, calmly. "You must come to me, and me only. One thing more; I've got the fastest craft in the Channel now; don't forget that. She is called the *Penkivel*. I named her that because she is built of Penkivel oak."

"And so you defy the revenue cutters?" interrupted Lord Crehylls, bursting into a laugh. "Don't take me any further into your confidence, Michael; it is dangerous to tell one's secrets."

The light words went away upon the Summer breeze, blowing over Michael Polgrain's uncovered head, but they sounded in his ears with a terrible strength, and made him shudder from head to foot.

"The *Penkivel* is schooner-rigged, and faster than any brig or cutter on the coast," he said, gravely. "I could take you and Lady Crehylls and the boy a cruise at an hour's notice."

"Thank you," said Lord Crehylls laughing again; "that would be a merry trip, Michael, with all the king's men racing after us!"

"The king's men can no more catch the *Penkivel*, than they can take the moon out of the sea in a dipper," said Michael, in the same grave way. "Good night, my lord."

He did not tender the young nobleman his hand. Lord Crehylls might forget the difference in their rank, but Michael never did.

"Why, Michael, you are as surly as a bear," cried Lord Crehylls. "If you won't step within my gate, even to shake hands with me, I must come out to you."

The heavy gate swung behind him as he spoke, and the two young men stood on the dusty Summer road with clasped hands, and a curious softening look of the old affection of boyhood gathering wistfully on both their faces. Yet what a contrast they were!—Lord Crehylls so handsome, rich and young, with life in the glow on his cheek and the sparkle of his eye; and Michael, gray and ashen, with death in all his leaden aspect.

"It does one good to see you look so well," said Michael; and his hand tightened its clasp, and his dull eyes brightened as their gaze met the clear, shining glance of his friend.

"I wish I could say the same," returned Lord Crehylls; "but truly, Michael, you are the most dismal fellow I ever saw. And how you walk about with that countenance I can't tell. If I had such a face, I should not be alive a week."

Michael's hand had relaxed its hold, and he turned away with a curious twitching of the lip, which scarcely seemed a smile; but Lord Crehylls, in his careless health and ease, his gay indifference, and thoughtless enjoyment of his own overflowing cup of daily joys, never noted it. He had always patronised Michael Polgrain from a boy, and he patronised him still, and sometimes half praised himself for the constancy of his affection, and thought he was really somewhat of a good fellow, because neither rank, nor education, nor absence had been able to destroy the old kindly feeling of brotherhood between them.

This had arisen naturally enough. Lord Crehylls had been the sickliest of infants, the puniest of children, and for years his nurse—kind, motherly Grace Polgrain—was the sole creature who could soothe the suffering fretful boy. She was a young widow, whose husband, a miner, had been killed when blasting a rock underground; hence there was no tie to hinder her from performing a mother's duty to the little sickly lordling placed in her charge. She stipulated only that her own infant should not be separated from her. To this Lady Crehylls was obliged to consent, and so the little Michael came to the Castle with his mother. Years passed on, and she still remained there, the young heir of Crehylls being too sickly to be instrusted to other hands. His life, his health, weighed down all other considerations, and since Grace would not stay without her son, the boy was permitted to remain also. It was something wonderful to see the consideration shown by the healthy child to the sickly one, the tender care and pity which Grace taught her boy to feel for the pale puny foster-brother, who was so much his superior in rank as he was inferior in strength. Her own heart being full of the old feudal deference for the Crehylls, which was a part of her religion, she instilled the same feeling into the soul of the youthful Michael, so that to yield up life, will, and happiness for the pleasure of his little patrician playmate, seemed to him quite a natural and proper state of things. It never struck him in the light of a sacrifice, or an injustice; his loyalty was too pure for that; it was simply a duty, nothing more. With the old Tory principles of their time deep rooted in their minds, and unshaken as yet by French conventions and the Cap of Liberty, it was not likely that Lord and Lady Crehylls would see any injustice in all this either. Thus it was not because their son might grow selfish and ungenerous beneath such teaching, that at six years of age they sought to separate the children, but rather because they deemed it wrong to permit any longer an unwise companionship.

It was a sad day when Michael and Grace quitted the Castle; and without them Geoffrey pined, and was laid on a bed of sickness again.

Just at this time another son was born to the house of Crehylls; and Lady Crehylls ill and nervous, recalled Grace and her boy to the aid of her first-born. Finally, the children were not separated till they were nearly nine years old, when Geoffrey's increased stature and strength enabled him to support the fatigue of lessons. But the boys still met often; and at twelve years of age, when Michael was a big, strong lad, and a wonderful swimmer, he saved his foster-brother's life when cramp had seized him in bathing. After this there was nothing Lord Crehylls, the father, would not have done for Michael. He offered to apprentice him to any trade he chose; but the boy loved the sea, and the thought of apprenticeship in a town seemed stifling and hideous to the sea. So a share was bought for him in a fishing-smack and a seine, and he was was perfectly content. From early association his manner and language were above his lowly position, but he still remained perfectly uneducated. Ignorant, the present world would call him; but his knowledge, for all that, far surpassed many a bookworm's. He knew things, not books; he had studied the secrets of the sea, and he grew learned in things upon the earth and under the earth. Many a polished gentleman, whose ponderous learning hung heavy upon him, unpractical and useless, had been forced to bow to Michael Polgrain's wisdom in ores and lodes, in birds and fishes, plants and rocks, wind and water. It was strange that the old Lord and Lady Crehylls had never thought of educating their son's companion; but there were no schools for the lower classes in those days, and the very notion of teaching the poor was heresy and schism, madness and revolution. So Michael Polgrain educated himself out of the great book of Nature, and never learned even to read and write.

This little history of the mutual boyhood of these two men is necessary, in order to show how strong was the tie between them, in spite of those social distinctions which set their lives outwardly so far apart.

"Good night!" they said to each other: and Michael went up the long road in darkness, while Lord Crehylls, with a careless whistle, turned back to the park.

CHAPTER XI.

"Hollo!" cried a testy voice. "Do you want to be run over, man?"

Michael Polgrain stepped out of the way quickly, and raised his hat with due civility to the rubicund visage of Justice Pydar. The old gentleman was in a low pony chaise, with his foot reposing on a cushion.

"Do you know if my lord is at home?" he asked, pulling up the pony with a jerk.

"He was at the gate a minute ago," replied Michael.

"I'm glad of that," cried the justice, "it will save me the trouble of going up to the house. Run and tell him I want to speak with him a moment."

"With me?" said Lord Crehylls, when in two minutes Michael overtook him, and delivered the message. "What is going on now, I wonder? Have the French landed and carried off the Lizard?"

This last question was addressed to the old justice himself, who had driven now up close to the gate.

"Well, no," he answered, "I don't think they'll put the Land's End, or the Lizard either, in a French museum this year. The fact is, I wanted to see you about a letter."

Here the justice fumbled in his pockets vainly.

"Hold the pony, Polgrain!" he cried, as he dropped the reins, and plunged both hands into his pockets. "Ah, here it is! Now, just read that, Lord Crehylls, will you, please? Can you see? Is there light enough?"

"Plenty," returned Lord Crehylls, as he held the letter slightly aslant to catch the fading light. Then he read aloud as follows:

"SIR,—Seeing your name in the commission of the peace, we are induced to make inquiry of you respecting the daughter of the late Walter Sherborne. Any information that you can give us we shall be duly grateful for. We beg to call your attention to the enclosed advertisement, which will sufficiently explain our reason for wishing to discover the young lady in question. We acted for many years as solicitors to her great aunt, the late Mrs. Singleton, of Lymington; and we are now acting on the behalf of her great nephew, Thomas Singleton, Esq., to whom, with her great niece, Miss Sherborne, she has left her property, the same to be equally divided between them."

Here followed the signatures of the Lymington attorneys; and beneath this, carefully gummed to the letter-paper, was the following advertisement, evidently cut from a London journal:

"WANTED,—Any information respecting the only daughter of a gentleman named Walter Sherborne, who quitted the neighborhood of Lymington about fifteen years ago, and has not since been heard of. The young lady will hear of something to her advantage if she will apply, &c."

Lord Crehylls did not finish reading this, but stopped to look up with blank surprise at Mr. Pydar.

"This is very strange," he said. "I always understood from Mr. Lanyon that the child of this—this very unfortunate man Sherborne was sent to his great aunt by her own request."

"That couldn't be, you see," observed the justice.

"So it seems," returned Lord Crehylls. "Well, I cannot give you any information respecting her. I was sailing round the world just at that time, if you recollect." His voice shook slightly, but his face was as bright and untroubled as ever."

"Perhaps Mr. Lanyon can tell you something of the young lady, sir," observed Michael, turning his white face towards the justice. He spoke eagerly, and his dull eyes shone with an unwonted light. "Oh, if this should take her away, far away," he said within himself, "perhaps the lot I have drawn may be spared me yet."

"Well, yes, of course Mr. Lanyon will know who took her away from St. Eglon's Hut," returned Mr. Pydar. "But then it is such an inconvenient hour to trouble you all at the Castle?" he added, looking at Lord Crehylls, inquiringly.

If he expected the ordinary civil reply that the hour was a matter of no consequence, he was disappointed, for Lord Crehylls caught at this instantly as an excuse for delay.

"Yes, you are right," he said, "it is quite late; and Mr. Lanyon is not well. I think you had better drive over in the morning, and see him about it."

"As you will, my lord," returned the justice, in rather a gloomy tone. "Perhaps you would like to take the letter with you, and let Mr. Lanyon look at it?"

"No, no," said Lord Crehylls, hastily drawing back from the proffered boon, "I'll have nothing to do with it, thank you. Let these attorneys find their heiress themselves."

"Take the letter, my lord, for the love of mercy," whispered Michael, touching him on the arm.

"Eh, what?" cried Mr. Pydar, leaning forward to catch the faint words. "What does Polgrain say?"

"Nothing," returned Lord Crehylls, shaking off his hand, "except that the dew is falling, and that won't improve your gout, Mr. Pydar."

"No, indeed," cried the old gentleman, gathering up the reins hastily; "and I've good four miles to drive to get home. So you won't take the letter?"

"No," replied Lord Crehylls, coldly; "and I really don't see why you come to me at all for information respecting this Miss Sherborne."

"You forget the Sherbornes were your tenants," observed the justice.

"My tenants!" exclaimed Lord Crehylls, angrily. "I was a boy at that disastrous time. It was my trustee—it was Mr. Lanyon—who let them have St. Eglon's Hut."

"Well, well, and doubtless he'll be able to tell me all about the girl," said Mr. Pydar, in a pacific voice.

"You can ask him to-morrow," said Lord Crehylls. "Good night."

He turned away so very decidedly, that Mr. Pydar was fain to drive off, greatly wondering in his own mind at the unwonted ill temper which the young nobleman had displayed. He might have wondered still more had he heard the oath which followed him.

"Meddling old fool!" exclaimed Lord Crehylls. "Why does he not let the lawyers do their own work? Why should he drive about the country, raking up a story at which my soul sickens? Michael, I could scarcely keep my temper."

Michael stood like a man lost and terror-struck, with his eyes fixed on Lord Crehylls and his hands drooping powerless by his side.

"Of what use is it to blame him!" he said, slowly. "I dare say the letter was in fact sent to his brother, the attorney; and the justice's second son, you know, is in his uncle's office."

"You have hit the truth, Michael," said Lord Crehylls, laughing nervously. "And, depend on it, there is a good round sum offered to the lawyer if he finds the girl; and the old justice has got a mind to share it."

"Likely enough," said Michael, in the same calm way; "but why did you not take the letter, my lord? It would have been better for us all if you had."

"I would not touch the letter," returned the other, energetically. "Why should I question and cross question Mr. Lanyon on a subject from which he shrinks with pain and disgust? I gave him trouble enough when a boy about these people. I will not be the one to trouble him again with their names. No; if he must be worried, let the lawyers come and do it. They enjoy it—I don't."

It is impossible to say how wistfully Michael looked and listened as the young man said this.

"But you'll tell Mr. Lanyon," he cried. "You won't let the old justice come and frighten him in the morning?"

"Frighten him!" repeated Lord Crehylls, in an angry tone. "What are you talking of, Michael?"

"Mr. Lanyon is an old man, my lord," said Michael. "I mean, it might hurt him to be taken by surprise."

"Well, well, I'll name it to him to-night," said Lord Crehylls; "but it will be a hateful task. Ah, Michael," he added, suddenly grasping his foster-brother's hand, "you can scarcely guess how I dread any allusion to that terrible time!"

"That's not hard to guess," said Michael. "But this is all for the best. I am glad the young lady will come into a fortune."

"I am neither glad nor sorry," said Lord Crehylls. "I only wish they would not come here to look for her."

He walked away as he spoke, and Michael followed him a step or two to say, "You'll come to me, if you want me? And, mind, the *Penkivel* is the fastest craft in the Channel."

There were lights in the drawing room

when Lord Crehylls got back, and these, as he entered, showed his hair lank with dew, and his face somewhat flushed and troubled. He looked round anxiously for his wife, but she was not present; and it was strange how heavily this slight disappointment sank upon his heart, weighing it down as with some great misfortune.

"Where is Agatha?" he said, as he sat down wearily, leaning his arm on the table near him.

No one answered, each one seemed to wait for the other to speak, and it was Mr. Lanyon at last who looked up from his paper to say, "I have not seen her since dinner."

"Nor I," observed Maurice. Madeline was silent.

Then Lord Crehylls took up a paper-knife, and seizing a magazine on the table, he began to cut the leaves rapidly. It was while he did this, bending his head over the pages, that he said abruptly, "I am afraid you will have a troublesome visitor to morrow, Mr. Lanyon. Old Mr. Pydar is coming here. I saw him just now at the entrance gate, and stopped him from worrying you to night."

"His visit won't trouble me much," said Mr. Lanyon, carelessly.

"I fear it will vex you," resumed his son in-law, gravely. "He comes to make inquiries respecting a missing heiress, the daughter of—of those terrible people who lived at St. Eglon's Hut."

Madeline started, and half rose from her chair, while Maurice turned sharply towards her, and laid his hand restrainingly on her arm. He listened anxiously for Mr. Lanyon's answer, but not a word fell from his lips.

"It appears," continued Lord Crehylls, as he turned the pages of his book, with a quick, nervous hand, "that some old lady has died, and left her property to—to this young lady; and the lawyers who have the charge of her affairs fancy you can give them some information concerning her."

Again Madeline would have risen, and again Maurice's restraining hand held her silent; again, also, he listened vainly for Mr. Lanyon's answer.

The continued silence made Lord Crehylls look up, and then he saw the three faces of his listeners bent on him in strange excitement. Mr. Lanyon, pale as death. Maurice flushed and eager, Madeline with eyes that blazed, and lips standing apart and quivering.

"And so," resumed Lord Crehylls, more slowly, as his glance wandered from one to the other, "old Pydar, whose brother the attorney has evidently been written to on the subject, is coming here to learn from you what became of the child when—when she was left alone at St. Eglon's Hut."

The effort with which he said this was visible, and the hand which he passed across his forehead trembled.

"The answer to that question is easily given," said Mr. Lanyon, forcing his voice into calmness. "I sent the child to a distant relative,—a Mrs. Singleton, at Lymington."

Maurice heard this with consternation, and Madeline rose decidedly, and walked forward till she stood beneath the full blaze of the chandelier, where the wax lights flung their glow on her crimsoned face.

"Unfortunately," said Lord Crehylls, a little drily, "it is that very relative's executors who are searching for her, advertising for her, and writing for her, declaring she has never been seen at Lymington."

"Very well," said Mr. Lanyon, still calmly, "then she must have been lost by the way. I can tell them nothing more."

"Mr. Lanyon!" exclaimed Maurice.

"I will speak to you another time, Mr. Pellew," said Mr. Lanyon, in a decided tone.

"But you will speak to me now," interposed Madeline, in a steady, calm voice, whose clear tones rang through the room. "You will let me tell Lord Crehylls the truth; I am weary of falsehood. I cannot aid in this deception."

"Do you know anything of this matter, Miss Sylvester?" asked Lord Crehylls in extreme surprise.

"Be silent, Madeline!" exclaimed Mr. Lanyon. "You owe me obedience. I demand it of you now."

"But you have commanded me all my life long to live beneath a lie," she returned, steadily, "and that makes obedience too hard for me. If I do not fear the truth, why should you?"

"Do you care so much for this money?" said Mr. Lanyon, bending to whisper the words in her ear. "I will double this fortune, whatever it may be, if you will be silent."

Madeline was stung now into bitterness; and as she stood beneath the great chandelier, with the blaze of many lights falling on her, Maurice saw her cheeks burning with a deep crimson, and her eyes shining with unshed tears.

"You never loved me, Mr. Lanyon," she said, with inexpressible pathos; "but I did not know, until this moment, that you scorned me. You have offered me money to be silent. I would rather die now than not speak. Lord Crehylls, I will not remain another instant beneath your roof deceiving you. I am Madeline Sherborne, the daughter of that man and that woman whose miserable lives have left a shadow of shame and sorrow even on the house where they dwelt. Haunted by their sad presence, St. Eglon's Hut brings now to every mind thoughts of mystery and of crime."

The clasped hands, the bowed head, the mingling of pride and shame in her aspect, all moved Maurice to admiration, and riveted his glance upon her face; thus he did not perceive that Lord Crehylls was gazing at her as though he saw a spectre, while Mr. Lanyon was pale with fear.

"You do not answer me," said Madeline, looking from one to the other with pained eyes. "Is there such a brand upon me that my name shocks you into silence?"

"Miss Sylvester," said Lord Crehylls, in a voice he strove to make clear and courteous, "no gentleman would ever allude in your presence to events which render you an object of respectful sympathy and pity to every thinking heart. I thank you for your truth and candor, but I object most strenuously to the deception which has been practised on Lady Crehylls and myself for a long series of years. I object to a lady being forced on my wife as a companion under a false name, and on false pretences; I object to any guest being brought beneath my roof under any character or any name except her own; and I call upon Mr. Lanyon to explain to me his reasons for such a strange course of conduct. Will you answer me, sir? What have you to say to this?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Lanyon, with white lips—"nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Lord Crehylls, hotly. "But I consider, Mr. Lanyon, that you owe me an explanation. I am sorry to say anything to pain Miss Sherborne, but you force me to speak frankly. You have chosen, with doubtful prudence, to give your daughter a companion whose very name breathes a horror to men's hearts; but when Agatha became my wife you should have remembered that I claim a right to select her acquaintances, and I confess—without meaning the slightest unkindness to a young lady whose character I respect—that I would never willingly have brought her in contact with the name of Sherborne. You have done me a wrong, Mr. Lanyon, a cruel wrong."

"A wrong!" repeated the old man, gazing round him in a bewildered way,—"Good heavens, hear him! He says I have done him a wrong!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!
Now the weary rest by right,
And the busy fingers bending
Over work that seems unending,
Toil no more till morning light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Close the eyes with slumber prest;
In the streets the silence growing
Wakes but to the watch horn blowing
Night makes only one request—
Go to rest!

Slumber sweet!
Blessed dreams each dreamer greet;
He whom love has kept from sleeping
In sweet dreams now o'er him creeping,
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light,
Slumber till the new to morrow
Comes and brings its own new sorrow,
We are in the Father's sight—
Good night!

The White Twins.

BY M. EDWARDS.

There was not a handsomer or more loving young couple in the good old city of Nantes than Paul Martin and his wife Rose. When they started housekeeping every one predicted all the good things of this life for them. Paul was an industrious, high spirited young fellow; and Rose was a neat-handed, thrifty little housewife; neither the one nor the other were inclined to let any opportunity go of improving their condition.

Paul and Rose began life by starting a grocer's shop. They both had a little money to invest in the business, with a boy to carry out goods and a girl to help Rose in the house, and could manage very well. So the shop was opened, and of course people came to buy.

At first all things went well. They sold excellent articles, and their customers increased; but no sooner were they turning in a little money than, lo, another grocer's shop was opened just opposite! The new shopman was as brisk and obliging as Paul his wife as pretty and business like as Rose, they had between them twice as much money as their neighbor, so could make more of a display, and thus attract more custom. At the end of twelve months Paul was obliged to inform his wife that they could not remain where they were any longer; they had been losing money for months past, and must try something else before their last penny was gone.

The premises were given up, their stock in trade sold by auction, and the two started a market-garden in the outskirts of the city; Paul doing the work, Rose helping him to carry their goods to town on market-days. Paul made as good a gardener as he had been a grocer. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, and produced such salads, green peas, and strawberries as were even noteworthy in the superb fruit-market of Nantes, while Rose made a penny or two at dressmaking. So for a while they flourished, and seemed in a fair way of flourishing for the rest of their days.

But before their second year of market-gardening was over occurred a terrible inundation, which, happening in the spring just as everything was coming up, swept away the young crops of vegetables, damaged the fruit-bushes as well, and, in fact, turned the place into a desert. When the waters retired, Paul and Rose saw all the work of the winter, indeed of the past year, had to be done over again.

"It is of no use to sit down and cry our eyes out," Paul said, after both the husband and wife had shed some natural tears. "We must look into our money-box, Rose, and if there is not enough to repair the damage, and carry us on till the autumn, why, I will hire myself out as a day-laborer, like many of my betters, and we will start another business when we have laid by a little."

They set to work to examine this affair, and both agreed that it would be the height of folly to run into any more expense just now. They had something to fall back upon for a rainy day, but not enough to risk in a new concern; so with an undismayed heart, Paul hired himself out as a driver to a cab and carriage proprietor at very good wages, and Rose put up a card in the window, on which was painted, "Dress-making done here."

One day, when the pair were at breakfast they heard a loud ring at the bell.

"Some customer for me, I'll be bound," Rose said, cheerfully. "Now that the winter is setting in everybody wants new dresses."

On opening the door, however, they saw a young officer, starred and decorated and wearing the sky-blue uniform of a hussar, who with outstretched hand familiarly addressed Paul:

"What, don't you remember your old captain in Algeria, Martin?" he said; "and this is your wife, I suppose; a good housewife, I see, by your well-spread table."

"Ah, forgive me, my captain," cried Paul, delighted at recognising the officer under whom he had served when a soldier. "Pray take a chair, and if not an impertinence may I offer you a glass of wine?"

"With all my heart; here is to your health, and that of your wife!" said the captain, drinking gaily. "And now for my errand, for I am sorry to say I have not five minutes to spare. I leave Nantes for Cochin China to morrow, and only came here to see my family a week ago, so I leave you to judge how little time I had to find you out."

"It is very kind of you, I am sure, answered Paul. "I have often wished for news from you."

"You are a good fellow; and I have always owed you a debt of gratitude for nursing me through that terrible Algerian fever; you remember how long I lay on the point of death? Well"—and here he turned to Rose—"but for a certain person named Paul Martin, I should certainly have left my bones in Africa. Here I am, thanks to him, safe and well, and at last able to do you the good turn I have so long desired. Just look out of the window!"

Both turned eagerly to the window, and beheld a magnificent pair of Arab horses, perfectly matched, of exquisitely symmetrical form, and with the glossiest, most dazzling silken-white coats ever seen.

Paul and his wife expressed themselves rapturously over their beauty.

"I love them almost as if they were my children, I assure you," continued the officer. "They are so like each other I call them the White Twins: I should never have brought them over here but that I could not bear to part with them, and to think that they might fall into the hands of a harsh master. Besides they are—as you know well enough, my good Paul—like all Arab horses, the easiest yet the most difficult things to manage. But you are used to the temper of a thorough-bred; I have no fear of leaving them with you."

Paul and Rose looked at each other, and then at their visitor, with an expression of amazement.

"Ah! I see I have not yet explained myself; you may well look astonished," said the captain. "Well, Martin, this is my errand. I have heard of your misfortunes and, as I have said, have always wished to do you a good turn. You shall take the horses and set yourself up as a hackman. Take my word for it, they will make your fortune; and if they do so, on my return from Cochin China you shall pay me six hundred dollars. But don't be alarmed; it is no debt, you know; you are an honorable fellow, you can be trusted, and it is not to be paid till you have made six times as much."

"Thanks, thanks, my captain——" began Paul, overwhelmed.

"Wait a moment. There is one condition, namely—that you will allow no one to touch them but yourself. As I tell you, I look upon them almost as my children. It would break my heart to think that they were ever made vicious by ill-usage. Can I rely on you?"

"I promise to let no one touch them while I have health and strength," Paul answered, fervently; then his old commander shook him by the hand, and after a little more talk took his leave. Paul was to fetch the White Twins, Snowdrop and Silver Cloud, that evening; and as he greatly resembled the captain in stature, voice, and manner, great hope was entertained that the beautiful creatures would soon get used to their new owner.

When their visitor was gone, Rose and Paul naturally enough, fell into each other's arms and wept grateful tears, for there could be no doubt that Fortune had smiled upon them at last.

The very next day Paul took what money he had out of the bank, and purchased a pair of respectable-looking hacks; for the present he could only afford to hire two carriages—one a common cab, the other an elegant little brougham—then he hired suitable premises, and before a week was over had started business as a hackman.

The beautiful creatures took kindly to their new master from the first; he was so gentle, so clever in handling the reins, so dexterous in putting on the harness, and above all so affectionate, that they gave him no trouble from the first, and soon reciprocated his attachment.

It happened that a good many weddings took place that winter, and there was soon not a rich bride in all Nantes and the neighborhood who would be driven to church by any one except Paul and his Arab horses. Weddings were put off, fabulous prices were paid for this privilege, and no wedding was pronounced a success without it. The twins were said to bring luck to the newly-wedded pair, just as they had brought luck to Paul and Rose, who soon made up for the loss of former years. So, whenever a young lady was about to be married, Paul was won over by love or money to drive her to church, and a splendor would have been lent to any spectacle by such an addition.

As a natural consequence wonderful stories got abroad of the fortune Paul was making by his Arab horses; and the reality though it fell short of rumor, seemed astounding and hard to believe in to himself, in a very few years he had been enabled to repay the money he owed to his generous master; and since that time began to make a rapid fortune. He enlarged his premises, purchased the largest stud of job-horses ever seen in Nantes, opened a branch business in another town, and, in fine, before he had reached the prime of life was a rich man.

Added to this, he was now the father of three beautiful children—two of whom were twin boys, and were called Snowdrop and Silvercloud, after the White Twins that had made the family fortune; the eldest, a girl, exactly like her mother, won all the prizes at school, and the little boys were as pretty as cherubs, and as good as gold.

All this time the White Twins had enjoyed excellent health and spirits, but one day—as sad as any in Paul's married life—Snowdrop fell ill, and died. The disease was so sudden, and the death of the beautiful animal so unexpected, that the little family felt stunned as with a blow. Snowdrop dead! His brother left alone! It seemed impossible to believe it. Paul Martin wept like a child. Rose also shed tears, and as to the children, they sorrowed for a lost pet and playmate, who they knew could never be replaced.

But their grief, poignant though it was, could not be compared to the grief of Silvercloud, now left alone in the world. His master caressed and consoled him as far as lay in his power; he tried to divert his thoughts by sending him out as usual; but, alas! Silvercloud's amiable temper had utterly vanished. Though the prettiest and quietest horse in the stable was harnessed with him, he refused to start, he kicked, reared and pranced so furiously, that before he could be taken out of harness the reins were broken, and the dashboard of the carriage smashed in halves.

"This won't do," said Paul to his stableman; "we must change our tactics. I will go to the horse-fair to morrow, and try and match Silvercloud exactly. Perhaps then he will consent to trot by the side of a companion."

Paul Martin went, not to one horse-fair, but to twenty, till at last as near an approach to Silvercloud as perhaps all France could show was procured—a beautifully-shaped, spotless white Arab horse, quiet in harness, and as good-tempered as poor Snowdrop had been.

Full of hope, Paul Martin led out the new-comer next morning, and when he had harnessed him, fetched Silver-cloud, and, with all kinds of coaxing and cajoling persuaded him to be put by his side. No sooner had Paul mounted the box, and flourished his whip, than Silvercloud began to prance round more furiously than he had done before. The stableman, who sprang forward, in trying to hold him, narrowly escaped a severe bite in the arm; the carriage was sent back against the wall so violently that it was smashed, and Paul himself was thrown from his seat. In spite of this fractious behavior, it never for a moment entered into the thoughts of his master to try what severity would do. He saw now, what indeed was true, that his favorite's heart was broken, and that his work was done.

"Sell him," said the neighbors. "There are plenty of horse-dealers who would undertake to manage him, and there is not a more splendid animal to look at in all France, even now."

"Put him in a little brougham by himself," said another; and so all gave their advice, but Paul Martin knew better. He understood Silvercloud and determined to let him alone.

"Thou hast done me good service enough, poor beast!" he said, caressing him even more affectionately than in former days. "I would rather starve than part with thee, or ill-use thee."

The beautiful creature seemed to understand his master's words, and though he would allow no one else to approach him, to Paul was ever gentle and docile. He was indeed gradually wasting away, though at first none perceived it. By little and little he left off eating, and one morning, about six months after the death of his brother, was found dead in his stable.

You can imagine what grief was felt in the Martin family at the sad fate of Silvercloud. Paul Martin was a wealthy man now, and could afford a far heavier money loss than this, but he never cared for a horse again as he had cared for his white twins. He attended to business as zealously as ever, he continued to make money, his carriages were the neatest, his horses the prettiest and most docile, his drivers the most obliging of any in the whole town of Nantes. He might have secured another pair of white Arab horses as handsome as Snowdrop and Silvercloud, and even eclipsed the fame of his lost favorites. He no longer cared to have the most superb equipage in all Western France, and the monopoly of fashionable weddings.

"I have had my turn," he used to say to Rose, "and let others have theirs now. We will supply the most comfortable carriages and the best horses we can get, at moderate prices, then let us be satisfied. Fairy gifts come only once in a life, and no one can say that we have not had ours."

As to the generous young captain, he also won fame and fortune in far-off campaigns, though when Paul Martin sent him the money for the horses he was as yet poor and unknown, and had therefore good reason to bless the day when he first set eyes on the White Twins.

This story is true, as, if ever you go to Nantes you will find out for yourself.

ANCIENT HOSPITALITY.—It was once the universal custom in England to place ale or some strong liquor in the chamber of an honored guest to assuage his thirst, should he feel any on awakening at night, which, considering that the hospitality of that period often reached excess, was by no means unlikely. It is a current story in Teviotdale that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put in the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On one occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and to abide over night. According to the fashion of the times, several of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of wine. But after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic just as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know that when we meet together, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore is necessary: take away the six, and in their place bring six more bottles of wine."

FENCES.—Interior fences of farms occupy more space and cost more money than the outer fences, while they are entirely unnecessary. In the majority of cases pasturing the cultivated land costs much more than the little grain derived from it. The pasturing of mowing lands and newly seeded stubbles, as a rule, is very injurious, and when under exceptional circumstances this is desirable, a temporary fence of portable hurdles might be profitably used. It may be beneficial to have a permanent pasture lot upon every farm, and where there is a roughish piece of land it may be so used. But it will be found more profitable to fence a small plot in a convenient place for the stock, and feed them there with green fodder, grown and cut especially for them, than to make a practice of indiscriminate pasturing with the necessary maintenance of interior fencing at high cost.

A TOMBSTONE in the island of Jamaica has the following inscription: "Here lieth the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died on the 23d of September, 1737, aged eighty. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion, and settled on this island, where, in the great earthquake, 1692, he was swallowed up, and by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat, and thus miraculously preserved. He afterwards lived in great reputation and died universally lamented.

Pierre Duchatel, in a funeral oration on the death of Francis I., published in 1547, took upon himself to affirm that the soul of the king had gone direct to Paradise. This passing over of Purgatory gave offence to the doctors of the Sorbonne, who sent a deputation to warn him of his error. The prelate being absent one of his friends entertained them and in reply said: "Be not uneasy; every one knows that the late king never stopped long in any one place. Supposing then that he went to purgatory, be assured that his stay would be very short." This pleasantry disarmed the severity of the doctors.

In that part of the Black Forest belonging to the Grand Duchy of Baden lies the pretty district of Konigsfield, containing about 410 inhabitants. During fifty years there have been in it no crimes or misdemeanors of any sort—neither transgressions of the police regulations, nor sheriff's sales, nor illegitimate births, nor divorces, nor lawsuits of any kind. Moreover, in these last fifty years at Konigsfield no one has ever got drunk or stretched out a hand to beg.

A YOUNG Parisian lately thought to frighten a lady into accepting him. He invited her to take a sail on the lake of Geneva with him, and when some distance from shore, he threatened to jump overboard if she refused him. She offered to bet him one hundred francs that he daren't dive in—and he didn't.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

TRAVELING DUCKS.—A poultry dealer in Staunton, Virginia, recently bought forty ducks from a farmer who lived forty miles from that city, and when they were delivered he turned them loose in his yard over night and the next morning every one of them was gone. He supposed that they had been stolen, but a few days afterward received a letter from the farmer stating that all the ducks had returned to the farm from which they had been taken.

PARRICIDE IN OLD ROME.—In Rome, no less than six hundred years from the building of the city had elapsed before so much as a name for the crime of parricide was known amongst them. The punishment ordained for the first who stained his hands with the blood of the author of his being was that he be scourged till he was flayed, then sewed up in a sack, together with a dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and so thrown headlong to the bottom of the sea.

A VERY NATURAL INFERENCE.—A lady was the mother of a bright little boy about three years old. The whooping cough prevailed in the neighborhood, and the mother became very much alarmed lest her boy should take it. One night, after the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a jackass was driven past the house, and when just opposite set up his he-haw, he haw, he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of his bed, screaming at the top of his voice, "The whooping cough is coming, mamma; the whooping cough is coming." He didn't catch it that time.

INSURANCE MARKS.—The expression "A 1," popularly used to designate the first quality of articles, is copied from the symbols of the British and foreign shipping lists of the Lloyds, the great English ship insuring company. "A" is used to designate the character or condition of the hull of a vessel, and the figure "1" to denote the efficient state of her anchors, cables and stores. If these are insufficient in quantity or quality, the figure "2" is used to indicate the same. When it is said of a ship "she is A 1," it means that she is all right as to hull, rigging, and equipments.

DRIED OYSTERS.—In China large quantities of the oysters are dried instead of being eaten in the fresh state. For that purpose they are taken from the shells, simply plunged into boiling water, and then removed at once, after which process they are exposed to the rays of the sun until entirely free from any moisture. In that state they will keep for a length of time, and are said to preserve all the delicacy of their flavor. The finest and fattest bivalves, bred and fed on the leaves and cuttings of the bamboo, are selected for preparation by that method, those taken from the natural beds being inferior in quality, and not sufficiently plump to stand the operation.

DETERMINED TO BE EXACT.—A schoolmaster, after giving one of his scholars a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, quite satisfied with what he had received, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow-pupil: "There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of the room, wishing to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

BUSINESS TRAINING.—It takes a sound body to make a sound mind. Work is not vulgar. So long as the brain needs the juices of the body, so long will hard work be the fundamental element in the development of the mind. Business is eminently fit for a man of genius, and to earn a livelihood is the best way to sharpen one's wits. Besides, business affairs offer better opportunities at present than the so-called professions. Therefore our youth should be thoroughly and practically trained for business, in order that they may adopt. At the same time they should be educated not to despise labor; for, after all, it is only by hard work that we achieve any success worthy of the name.

ANCIENT CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—When the Roman Saturnalia was superseded by the festival of Christmas, the Christians also adopted the custom of giving presents to friends and relatives. Martial, the epigrammist, wrote a little book containing a list of such presents. The list comprises 350 articles, from which the following are selected as being familiar: Beets, beans, radishes, pepper, leeks, turnips, raisins, figs, quinces, plums, cheese, olives, mushrooms, bacon, swans, oysters, wine, tablets, letter paper, dice, dice box, toothpicks, earpicks, combs, parasols, scythes, a book case, lamps, dumb bells, a child's rattle, tooth powder, a fly-trap, a corset, a clothes brush, woolen slippers, brooms, a back scratcher in the shape of a hand; a snow strainer, a snow bug, a decanter for snow water, a spoon, socks, a muffler, a bath bell, a copy of Homer's Virgil on parchment, with portrait, Virgil's "Gnat," also copies of Menander, Cicero, Livy, Ovid, Sallust, Lucan, and other authors, a short hand writer, etc.

THE AFRICAN "OLD BOOY."—An African traveler says: Here is a strange sight! It is a singular dress made of bark, hanging upon a tree near the entrance of the town. It belongs to Mumbo Jumbo. Who is he? and when is his dress worn? Let us see. As the darkness of night is approaching, dismal cries are heard in the woods. They gradually approach the town, till by-and-by a figure, dressed in the habit above-mentioned, comes to the beetang. He is armed with a rod of public authority, and all the inhabitants assemble around him, women as well as men. Indeed, the softer sex are chiefly concerned in the issues of this pantomime. The usual songs and dances commence, and are continued till midnight. But the wonted gaiety and mirth with which these amusements are ordinarily pursued, are absent from many breasts on the present occasion. Conscience is doing its work in female breasts which are trembling for the results. By-and-by Mumbo Jum points out his victim, who is immediately seized, tied to a post, and severely beaten with a rod. It is Lynch law. The unfortunate woman is thus publicly scourged, amidst the derisive laughter of the whole population; and none mock her more than her own sex, when their own fears have been dissipated about themselves. What has the woman done? and who is Mumbo Jumbo? He is either her husband or some friend to whom has been committed the charge of this business; but the mask prevents his being known. And the wife's fault is that she has been a quarrelsome termagant in the house.

No floral designs are novel, but evidently all have been more or less hackneyed; for instance, the rose, lily, forget-me-nots, etc. The Chinese apple blossom and the cockscomb are the newest ideas; the Persian flower is another. The tulip and the lotus can likewise be recommended for all fancy work, as we should be nothing if not Asiatic.

Dried flowers have suggested many fancies: the latest is to gum the thread with which a miniature bouquet is tied to the left hand corner of a sheet of note paper. Prettier this than colored floral designs. The flowers should not be gummed on flat, which is a style to be strictly confined to herbariums. Grasses should stand out feather-like, and bend over microscopic flowers.

NEWS of INTEREST

Spiced kangaroo tongue is the latest in canned goods.

Slate posts for post and rail fences are something new.

A Chester, Pa., man allows his pet horse to sleep in the kitchen.

Boots are made on the Pacific coast with pockets for pistols in their tops.

It is expected that skating will be revived as a fashionable amusement this winter.

For three months, ending October, there were 2,755 business failures throughout the country.

In Constantinople it takes $347 in Turkish paper money to buy the equivalent of $100 in gold.

A Paris worker of metals finds himself with a head of green hair from some unknown chemical cause.

At the Lord Mayor's dinners the allowance of green turtle for soup is six pounds live weight for each person.

When, on visiting public institutions, the Queen of England signs her name on the autograph register, it is always at the top of a blank page.

The latest thief's device is to lasso shirt-studs from the shirt-fronts of people with raw silk lassoes. It is remarkable how much ingenuity men can display in being dishonest.

A Dr. Capel died at Charlottesville, N. C., recently, who had been a prisoner for fifteen years, because of his refusal to pay $250 a year to his wife, who had obtained a divorce from him.

There lives in Franklin county, N. C., a man forty-nine years old who never heard a sermon preached, never read a chapter in the Bible, never fired a gun and never saw a white man married.

Baroness Mary Itulak Artymowska, 35 years of age, and moving in the best Russian society, has been banished to Siberia for forgery, fraud and bribery, leaving debts to the amount of 2,000,000 roubles.

In Switzerland, whose population is less than three million, there were one hundred and eight persons murdered last year. There is a loud demand among the Swiss for the restoration of capital punishment.

The latest freak of Sarah Bernhard, the French actress, is to have herself photographed in her coffin, a piece of furniture which she keeps always in her room, and in which, until she was discovered by her companions, it had been her custom to sleep of nights.

A Mahommedan was recently sworn in a Canada court. He took the Koran in his right hand and holding it from him, with his left hand on his heart, bent down until his forehead touched the book, remained in that position for a moment, and then uttered one word, "Sworn."

In Sicily, says a correspondent, the whole community lives by begging. The children beg for a pastime, while the adults beg to set them an example. In the whole country he doubts if there are a hundred men who have ever a desire to get above broken breeches and cheese-parings.

Lord Windsor, who has just come of age and into possession of a vast property, has told his tenants that he does not intend to employ keepers to preserve his game, but he hopes they will keep an eye on the property to prevent poaching, so that he and his friends may get some shooting. If a tenant desires an occasional day's sport he is to apply to the steward.

The Countess Rosina Miraflore lays elaborate wreaths of flowers, decked with ribbons and crape, on the tomb of Victor Emanuel, in the Pantheon. She was a beautiful woman in her day, and his illegitimate wife; she is now considerably wrinkled, but wealthy, through the liberality of the late King, whose debts were contracted mainly on her account.

A quack doctor is traveling in Ohio, accompanied by a remarkably beautiful young woman. Her complexion especially is perfect. He tells the people, in free lectures, that this fair creature was once rather ugly, but has been improved by the use of his elixir, which he offers for sale at three dollars a bottle. Nobody buys any at the conclusion of the lecture, but on the following day, when his agent goes from house to house, the sale is large.

Machinery for shoemaking produces marvellous results. One class of machines sewed last year 45,000,000 pairs of shoes, while another pegged 25,000,000 pairs in the same time. Ten men can make 600 pairs of shoes a day. In New England 400 bushels of shoe pegs are made in a day, and one cent's worth of pegs will peg four pairs of shoes. There are 570 patents on shoe pegs and pegging, and 2,000 on shoe machinery. Machinery turned out over 2,000,000 shoe lasts in the United States last year.

Kioto, in Japan, produces famous mushrooms as well as beautiful porcelain-ware. On the mountains that surround it many varieties of the fungus grow spontaneously, and when the season is at its height every family that can afford it participates in a general holiday, flocking to the hills in search of their favorite variety. It is the usual custom for the farmers to pay a small tax to the local government for the privilege of letting out to pleasure parties, for the time being, sections of the hillside where the mushroom prevails.

Boston has an interesting family—father, mother, and ten-year old daughter—that lives in a great mansion without a servant, only having a woman come from time to time to do the heavy housework. For years the inmates have lived on fruit and vegetables only. The child is kept in a glass case, her play-room, study, and nursery all being at the top of the house, where the walls and roof are of glass, the continual sun bath being considered necessary to the child's physical and moral health and well-being. The mother, formerly a normal school teacher and a great student, is the child's teacher, and, with the exception of her daily airing in the grounds of the place, the little girl never goes out, and rarely does she see another child.

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OUR LOST.

BY F. F. H.

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadow of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.
The work which they left and the books which they read,
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare;
And the songs that they sung and dear words that they said,
Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.
And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng,
Or when evil allures us or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently' "Nay do not the wrong,"
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.
In the dew threaded morn and the opaline eve,
When the children are merry or crimsoned with sleep
We are comforted, even as lowly we grieve,
For the thought of their rapture forbids us to weep.
We toil at our task in the burden and heat,
Of life's passionate noon. They are folded in peace
It is well. We rejoice that their heaven is sweet,
And one day for us all the sorrow will cease.
We, too, will go home over the river of rest,
As the strong and the lovely before us have gone;
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
To rise in the glory that circles the throne.
Until then we are bound by our love and our faith
To the saints who are walking in Paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight at the touching of death,
But they live like ourselves in God's infinite care.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXV.

From that day a change came over Felix Lonsdale; he went home even that same evening an altered man; he opened his heart to the love and sympathy that Kate showed him. The proud stern coldness fell from him—he took the children in his arms and kissed the little faces. He said to himself that children of his own would never climb his knees—children of his own would never gladden his heart.

He did not suffer less—but it was in another fashion now. He worked harder than ever; he said to himself that if it were possible he would drown his sorrow in the hardest work he could find. And yet he did not know the worst; he only knew that Violet had broken her promise, and declared it impossible to marry him; he had not the faintest notion that there was really any wealthy lover at hand. He believed firmly that her parents had talked to her and argued with her until she had been overruled by them. Still all Lilford—all but himself—knew that Violet was going to marry Sir Owen; it had been kept quite secret for some time, but now the day was fixed—the fourteenth of September—and there could no longer be any secrecy.

The whole place was in a ferment over it. There was a grand dinner to be given to all the tenants, to all the servants and dependants; and the bell-ringers had been told how many times a merry peal was to be rung on the old church bells, in honor of the bride and bridegroom. The only persons who knew nothing of all this were the inhabitants of Vale House—the invalid father who saw no one but the doctor and Eva Lester, the kindly industrious young step-mother, and the young lover himself. No one cared to speak to him on such a subject, and they were the last to hear of it. Even Evelyn, who never shrank from trouble, shrank from speaking to them about it.

Felix wondered one night, when she came to Vale House, why she was so kind, so tender and compassionate to him, why she hovered round him like a mother over a sick child, why she spoke so low, earnest words to him—so noble, so beautiful, that his whole soul was stirred by them.

"Felix," she said, "listen to this. It is a verse I read last night in a poem of Adelaide Anna Procter's. I copied it to read to you because I thought it so beautiful." She was sitting by his side in the attitude that painters of old gave to guardian angels, so full of love and protection. In her sweet clear voice she read to him—

"Who is the angel that cometh?
Pain!
Let us arise and go forth to meet him.
Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him.
He will stay
And darken our sun;
He will stay
A desolate night, a weary day.

Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won.
Let us stay still while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured—
Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord!"

"It is very beautiful," he said, when the sweet voice ceased—it was as though a strain of solemn music had died away—"very beautiful! I shall remember the angel of pain, and show him a brave face, I hope, when he comes. But tell me why you speak to me in this strain to-night? It may be only my fancy, but it has seemed to me that on the face of every man and woman I have met to-day I have read pity; it must be fancy, but it seems to me so strange."

She could have told him that every man, woman, and child in Lilford knew that on the morrow Violet Haye was to marry Sir Owen. She could have told him also that there was none amongst them who did not feel sorry for him and indignant with her.

"I have almost begun to fear that there was something fresh concerning that unfortunate will," he said—"people have been so strange with me. It cannot be my love-story; no one knows that. People all know, of course, that Violet has gone away to London; but I do not think any one out of our own household knows that she has broken with me."

Eva could not tell him; she could help him, she could strengthen his heart and his mind, but she could not look at him and say, "To-morrow will be Violet's wedding-day." She turned away sick at heart when she remembered the treachery, the cruelty, and the deceit—sick at heart that she could not take the whole burden upon herself and suffer it. She was brave enough, but she could not say to him, "The girl for love of whom you are breaking your heart thinks so little of you—so little of your pain—that she is going to marry to-morrow the man above all others whom you dislike."

She talked to him in the same old strain—of the grandeur and nobility of sorrow, the bravery of bearing pain, the cowardice of falling under a burden; and then, when she left him, she whispered to Kate—

"Be very kind to him to-morrow, *madre*. He will stand sorely in need of it."

But even Kate did not dream what the words meant.

The harvest-moon that night shone down upon many different scenes. It crept into a superb room in London, where Sir Owen, flushed with love and wine, told with many an oath to a choice circle of friends how he had outwitted the lawyer and carried off his bride.

"I shall have some fine amusement with him when I return to Garswood," he said. "He must have been as vain as Narcissus himself to think that any girl would prefer him to me."

His friends drank his costly wine and applauded him—each ignoble sentiment, each mean idea—until they could do so no longer.

The moon looked in at another window—the window of a magnificent chamber, wherein lay all the details of a superb bridal costume—a lace veil of priceless value, a wreath of orange-blossoms, white satin shoes, and white gloves, with a dress that was a triumph of art. It shone on a pretty white bed whereon a young girl lay—on golden hair that was all dishevelled and lying in silken profusion over the pillow—on a fair and beautiful face all stained with tears; for this evening something like remorse had come to Violet Haye, and she had wept with a wild cry for the lover whom she had bartered for gold. Even the diamonds, the costly gems, the rich dresses, the wealth and grandeur for which she had sold herself, had not power to soothe her. The same moon shone in the room where Eva Lester knelt, her fair face raised to the evening skies, praying Heaven to help the man she loved through the bitter hour of his pain and desolation. It shone into the room where Felix sat writing because he could not sleep and was unable to find rest in anything except work. The silvery moon shone brightly over all.

Felix worked until his tired eyes could see no longer, and then he put his papers away. He had business for the morrow, and, if he could not sleep, he said to himself that he might close his eyes and think of that.

He went to the office the next morning, and it struck him that there was an unusual stir in the streets. A band of music passed him. He saw the people, gaily dressed, all going in the same direction. He wondered if there was a *fete* anywhere, or any fair that he had forgotten. It was the fourteenth of September—no, he could not remember that it differed from any other day. He saw that it was a very lovely morning; there was bright sunshine, a sweet western wind, while all nature looked blithe and gay; still he could not understand the commotion in the town.

He went into his office—even the clerk was not there. Without loss of time he went to work busily at his papers. Ha! Surely he was not mistaken as to the chime of the old church bells—surely they were chiming not an every-day chime—surely he heard a burst of jubilant melody, a clang of joyful sound? He opened the window and the rich waves of sound came in upon the sunlit air.

"It is like the sound of wedding bells," he thought to himself, "but no one has been married from here."

There was something pathetic in the handsome wondering face leaning from the window, listening to the bells that were ringing his death-knell.

He said to himself that it was no business of his, that he must go on with his work; he should know during the day why the bells were rung. He went to his papers again, but it was impossible to write, the air was full of music, the gay sweet chime rang out every moment. He could not write; it was as though a thousand gay and airy shapes were flitting round him. There was one consolation—the bell ringing could not last—it must stop soon. He could not work with that mad merry music filling the air; but he could go and ask what it all meant.

It was strange that the first person he saw was the Vicar's wife, Mrs. Hunter. He asked her why the bells were ringing; and, as she looked at him, her eyes filled with tears.

"They ring for so many things," she replied—"how can I tell which it is?"

He passed on, but, as he walked away, she looked at him closely, while something like a sob rose to her lips."

"Beautiful women are beautiful fiends sometimes," said the Vicar's wife to herself. "I would not have done such a thing."

Felix thought her strange—but he had almost ceased to wonder at anything. Then he met his old friend Doctor Ludlow. He stopped and spoke to him.

"I ought to be very busy with my work," he said, "but those bells distract me. I have had to put away my writing. What are they ringing for, Doctor?"

And the kind-hearted Doctor looked sadly at him.

"Have you not heard?" he asked.

"No—I hear so little—I am so busy always. What is it for?"

But the Doctor could not tell him.

"Go as far as the church," he said—"the walk will do you good this beautiful morning. Ask the ringers—they are sure to know."

He had not time to spare; but the morning was fine, and some strange instinct that he could not account for hurried him on.

"Why are you ringing this merry chime to-day?" he asked of one of the ringers, a white-headed old man, whose arms were wearied, and who sat resting on one of the green graves.

"Why? Because the great Sir Owen is married to-day, Master Lonsdale."

"Married!" cried Felix. "Married to whom?"

The chiming ceased and the wind fell as the old man answered—

"Married to Violet Haye."

CHAPTER XXVI.

There are no finer woods in England than the woods that surround Bramber Towers. Bramber is a glorious estate, and the woods extend to Lilford. They form the massive background of trees which helps to render the old church so picturesque and artistic.

The Earl of Arlington, master of the Towers, had but one fault in the eyes of the county—he was too fond of traveling. It was no unusual thing for the Towers to be closed for two or three years, while the Earl, with his wife and daughter, delighted in fair Continental cities. It was the one drawback to a noble character; for Lord Arlington was one of those fortunate men who are born with a keen sense of duty. He was a model landowner, a model landlord, a model country gentleman. When he was at the Towers, everything was sure to go well; he had a keen sense of justice—he gave himself the trouble to examine thoroughly into everything. He was never hasty, impatient, or unjust. He was almost idolised in the county. Most of the town of Lilford belonged to him, and he took the greatest possible interest in the place. He made a point of attending the public meetings; he would have justice,—"Justice" was his motto. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," was a favorite quotation of his. Woe to any man who tried to belie another and then fell into his hands. Woe to any voter who trifled with his votes!

Lord Arlington was a straightforward, honest, honorable Englishman—all devious ways and tortuous paths were unknown to him. It was always observed that if he were absent for any length of time things went wrong. His first concern on his return was to endeavor to set them right. He had been absent nearly three years this time, lingering with his beautiful wife and daughter in the quaint cities of old Spain. He reached home on the eleventh of September; and he feared that, as usual, during his absence much had gone wrong. His return was hardly known in the neighborhood—for one of the things that Lord Arlington disliked was fuss; why should there be a scene every time he returned? So he generally kept his intention secret.

The Countess was a beautiful, quiet, refined woman. One of her great characteristics was her sympathetic manner. She possessed that keen insight into the hearts and feelings of others which creates sympathy. It was natural to her to feel intensely the sorrows and joys of others. There were two children—the young heir, Lord Bramber, who was still at Oxford, and Lady Maude Bramber, a lovely girl about two years older than her brother.

Lady Maude inherited her mother's peculiarly sympathetic nature. She was as gifted as she was beautiful; and the one thing in which she excelled was art. She would have made one of the finest painters of the day had she not been an earl's daughter; as it was, her pictures were far superior to those of many well-known artists. It was at her solicitation that Lord Arlington returned home that autumn. She had seen the finest part of Europe—the most picturesque—the most beautiful; but there was nothing she liked better when the leaves were falling and the glorious tints of the foliage made a picture the tints of which could not be transferred to canvas.

She had begged that they might spend the autumn at home; for the beauty of an English autumn surpassed anything which they could see abroad. Her wish was complied with, as is the wish of a spoiled child often, and she promised herself a few pleasant months.

She set out one morning with her sketch-book and pencils. The Countess suggested that she should take a maid or a footman with her—Lady Maude laughed.

"No danger lurks in our English woods, mamma," she said. "If I were in Italy or Greece, I might meet a few brigands; here at Bramber there will be nothing worse than the pretty brown hares and the little squirrels. I could not sketch at my ease with a great idle man waiting for me."

So she went alone into the Bramber Woods. She wanted a few sketches of English trees in the ruby-tinted autumn dress, and some of the finest in England grew amidst the fern and bracken in the Bramber Woods. She had no fear—why should she have any? The sky was blue, the sun bright and warm, the air full of music and song. As she entered the woods she fancied that she heard a faint chiming of distant bells.

"They are the bells of Lilford's old church," she said to herself; "what a mellow rich sound! I shall not hear it presently."

It died away as she entered the beautiful green glades; the sound could not penetrate the thick masses of foliage.

"I want oak, ash, and elm," she thought; "and here I shall find all three."

There was a broad open space, and a majestic oak spread out its great branches there. It was like a little kingdom in itself, this wonderful oak—a great green kingdom with a life all its own. Near it stood a very fine elm; and in the distance she saw the branches of a fine ash-tree. Not far from there was a pretty little brook, so clear that one could see the pebbles at the bottom of it; it ran with a sweet musical ripple that was a song in itself. The birds were having an entertainment of some kind in the green kingdom of leaves, and the noise they made over it was continuous.

As she became absorbed in the keen delight of her sketching, she forgot her feathered neighbors. They no longer disturbed her. The wind sounded like an Æolian harp amongst the trees, but that was the music she liked; the merry rabbits hopped amongst the bracken and fern, the squirrels played amongst the spreading boughs. It was all so still, so peaceful, so beautiful that she thought she could sit there sketching for ever. Once she was disturbed; she fancied that from the long western glade on the other side of her there came the sound of reckless running footsteps, and then of a heavy fall, but after a moment or two she concluded that it was only the rabbits.

"They are having a steeplechase," she said, and laughed at the idea; then the pencil trembled in her fingers, for surely she heard the sound of terrible sobbing, great, passionate, bitter sobs. She could not be mistaken—they grew more bitter and deep, and then all was still. She tried to go on with her drawing, but her hand trembled—she could not persuade herself that what she had heard was fancy, all fancy. Something must have made the noise—she would go and see.

She was one of the most fearless of maidens; all the high courage and undaunted bravery of her race lived in her. She put her drawing-materials aside and went towards the place whence the sound had proceeded. Her heart beat fast when she saw before her the prostrate figure of a man. There was no sobbing now, only a death-like silence, and the man lay with his face downwards. She did not faint, or scream, or run away, but she listened for his breathing, this dainty daughter of a noble race. Was he dead? Had he swooned? Was he hurt? She grew pale and trembled when, on the cool green grass, she detected stains of blood. Once, twice she spoke to him, and then she raised his head and looked into his face. How handsome it was—just such a face as she had seen given to a Greek god—such a face as she had seen in marble in the dim light of old Roman galleries. Then she saw that on the temple, so white, so rounded, so full of ideality, there was a terrible wound. A moment's reflection showed her what the wound was. Just above him was a branch of a tree. He must have been running in hot haste, and, not seeing the branch with sharp, jagged edge, had run against it. He had fallen there, and had swooned, probably because the blow had stunned him.

What a handsome face it was, but how terribly marked with pain! What did all those great lines mean on the fair brow and round the beautiful mouth. Warm pity and tender compassion rose in her heart for him. She laid the helpless head on the grass again, and went and dipped her handkerchief in the brook. She laid it on his brow; she bound up the cruel gaping wound, and then hesitated what she should do next. His head laid upon her arm, and she looked like an angel of compassion bending over him. Suddenly, to her great relief, he opened his eyes and gazed at her.

"Violet!" he said—"I am not Violet," she replied.

She saw his whole face change.

"Oh, Eva, Eva," he said, "you told me of the angel of pain, but the trial was more than I could bear!"

"I am not Eva," she told him gently; but from the dim shadowed look in his eyes she knew that he did not hear her.

Gently and quickly, with softest touch, she bathed his hot brow with the cool water of the brook until she saw that his senses had returned to him.

"I found you here, badly hurt," she said.

He tried to rise, but he was quite unable to stir. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"No," she said, "you must not try to stand—you will feel better soon. You are dazed and giddy—you must have struck your head against this branch. Where were you running so quickly?"

"Away from the sound of the bells," he answered. "I knew that I should not hear them in the depths of the Bramber Woods."

"Did they distress you?" she asked. "I thought them so beautiful."

"They drove me mad—they were killing me," he replied. Then with a low cry he bent his face towards the long grass.

"I feel sure that I have seen you before," she said. "Do you know me? I am Lady Maude Bramber; and you—I have seen you at the Towers. Surely you are Mr. Felix Lonsdale, the dear old lawyer's son!"

He looked at her.

"Yes, I am Felix Lonsdale," he replied; "and I begin to think that Heaven has placed a black cross against my name. I ought to have known you, Lady Maude. I remember you now, but my head was all confused."

"Your face is quite familiar to me," said Lady Maude. "You came to the Towers with your father—it is four years since—and you took luncheon with us. I showed you some of my drawings, and you were very shy. It comes back to me so vividly. But, Mr. Lonsdale, why were you running from the sound of those bells?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Margery's Lesson.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

It was Margery Worthington's fault—her only one, light-hearted, handsome Ned Neville used to think—that she would occasionally become peevish over his attentions to other ladies.

In their frequent disputations on the subject—for Meg, in the fullness of her right as his promised wife often brought the matter up—she never called it jealousy, but simply a disinclination to be neglected for people no more, and—this with a very perceptible tendency of her pretty little nose to turn up—perhaps less deserving than herself.

The chill evening air outside made the cosy parlor and its wide, old-fashioned fireplace exceedingly comfortable, as the couple sat there silently watching the flames dancing on the hearth. It was plain that the old theme had been under discussion, with the usual result of dissatisfying both.

But gazing into a glowing grate, interesting as poets pretend the occupation may be, is a rather monotonous task under certain circumstances, and so the young man evidently thought.

"But is that the only reason you don't care to go," he said, after an interval, punctuated by several threatening yawns that he just managed to strangle in their birth.

"Yes; it is." The girl's reply was of the double-barrelled sort, short and snappish. "And I won't go. There!"

The pout on her ripe red lips, however, a moment after she spoke assumed a more tremulous character, and a fit of sobbing promised to soon dawn upon the surrounding horizon.

"Now, Meg," persisted Neville, while his deep, rich voice became almost pathetic in its earnest pleading, "this is mere folly. We have been invited, and after acceptance, to stay away without adequate cause, can only be construed into intentional insult. I do not wish that and I am sure you do not. The Barings are among our best friends, and if for social reasons alone I desire that they remain so. You certainly would not have me lacking in any courtesy due old or young, and I can only express my regret that they ever seem special or excessive, where I do not mean them."

This was the mildest way in which he could allude to their late tiff, wherein Margery, after pointedly objecting to his over cordial treatment—in her view—of a certain Miss Irene Carlyon at a recent party, had declined going to another, solely because she had heard the same lady was expected to be present.

Apparently, however, his last appeal was not to be without effect. The emphasis he gave it by leaving his chair and seating himself by her on the sofa, surely added to its impressiveness, if it did not contribute towards making it irresistible. And, then there was his shoulder in ever so convenient proximity to her head, and his arm about her waist complicating the situation, of course the only thing she, or any woman, could do, was to seek the repose of his coat collar, and burst into tears.

A momentary shower and her eyes, more radiant from their brief obscurement, looked shyly up at him.

"Would it particularly please you, dear," she murmured, the "you" being in vocal italics.

"I really cannot tell you how much, Meg. It is the final one of the 'season' and to ignore it and them would in the eyes of the Barings be a crime unprecedented."

"Well, then, I am willing, but——"

Any further remark on her part was interrupted for the time being by sundry manœuvres of Neville's, which prevented distinct articulation by utilizing the lady's lips for other purposes.

"But," she resumed, evidently only slightly ruffled, "you must promise me one thing."

"A million if you wish."

Possibly she was trying to think of that number, or more likely the single request she had determined on making was somewhat difficult to get into shape, for she did not answer immediately, but absent-mindedly fingered his coat lappel, as if uncertain whether the material was all-wool or mixed.

"Well! I'm all ears!" he enthusiastically suggested, noticing her abstraction.

A confidential nestling down closer and it was over.

"I want you to promise me you won't dance with that Carlyon girl," she whispered, "I don't like her."

This, perhaps, was hardly a conventional remark, but then Miss Worthington was anything but conventional. For one moment a cloud rested on her lover's brow as he heard it, and as quickly passed away. He had anticipated something like it, yet hoped differently. Still he knew it was her love for him that prompted the petition, and though he would more willingly have seen the girl of his heart above such petty jealousy, he were greater than a man had her solicitude been otherwise than agreeably unpleasant.

"I will not, Meg," he replied, drawing her nearer and gazing half-laughing into her now upturned and expectant face—"if I can help it."

"Ah! that will be my task, my most gallant knight!" she returned with mock seriousness. "I will stay your flight, sir, because"— and she waited just a second that none of the force of the announcement might hit wide of the mark, "because I won't leave you the whole evening."

Thus a conditional peace was arranged. Nominal neutrality on the one hand—a spirit of active opposition and vigilance on the other.

Mrs. Baring's balls were always events of social importance and the present occasion eclipsed all its predecessors. The youth and beauty of Mayton filled her parlors to repletion, and the worthy dame smiled with gradually growing glory as the festivities approached the meridian of midnight.

Notable among the guests were Margery Worthington and Ned Neville. Meg's loveliness and grace of manner were in themselves sufficient to attract observation, but escorted by the noble-looking and dignified young lawyer, she was the cynosure of all eyes.

Miss Carlyon was also there, a queenly, intellectual-faced girl, who would have won admiration from the head where the heart refused fealty. She had her group of attendant luminaries who basked in her radiance—but thus far at least, Neville had remained beyond the limits of her attraction.

And loving, unconventional Meg as she saw it, felt through a half-sense of shame, as if she were winning a triumph.

A waltz was in progress, and pleading fatigue from the heat she suggested resting awhile in the conservatory. They were hardly seated there when George Grayson, an old friend and fellow-student of Ned's joined them. While engaged in discussing the usual themes, their hostess abruptly broke in upon their conclave.

"Oh," she exclaimed breathlessly, "I have had such a search for you. We want just two couples to make up the last set of a quadrille. Come, all of you!"

Grayson rose immediately.

"You, also," she continued, observing the others did not stir, "I will take no denial. You have only danced three times the whole evening."

"No, Mrs. Baring," Meg replied, "I am really too tired, but Ned will help you out, I know."

After a few words, Neville, who had evidently been only awaiting Meg's pleasure, bidding her not leave the spot until he returned, accompanied the hostess and his friend into the ball-room.

As soon as the trio, however, disappeared among the gay throng, a spirit of unrest seized her, and she moved across to one of a number of curtained alcoves that commanded a view of the dancers. Between this recess and the centre of the conservatory, were a line of thick flowering plants, effectually hiding an occupant from observation.

Looking through the hangings out across the room, a sudden faintness came over her as she saw Ned—as she believed—bowing low before Miss Carlyon. The distance, the blaze of lights and the sheen of rich dresses might have dazed her vision, but she felt certain it could be none other than her lover.

She watched him lead her out to a place at the head or the set as the music began. She saw the regal beauty smile up at him as he spoke to her in the pauses of the dance. She saw her take his arm as the last strains of the final figure died away and then—yes, they were coming into the conservatory.

She drew further back into the shadowy gloom of the curtains. The confused murmur of voices from the ball-room did not deaden the approaching footsteps. She listened to them with a painful intensity. They stopped just opposite. Her excited sight in spite of the thick interweaving of ferns and leafy exotics, could trace the forms of both.

"I have a right to complain, Irene," he was saying, "for it is the first chance I have had to speak to you all the evening."

True, thought Meg, so the opportunity he longed for had come.

And it was his voice, too, but how changed! Still, such an accomplished traitor as he could well feign the deep tones that seldom fail to stir a woman's heart.

They sat down in the central walk, and began a low conversation, the import of which she could not catch, for it seemed to her in her agony that she was going mad. Then again she heard—the words went to her soul like a poignard-thrust:

"And now I want your answer, 'yes' or 'no.'"

She did not—she could not wait for the answer, but arose. Yes, she would confront him and expose his duplicity. Her white lips were already half-opened when some one hastily came upon the scene.

"Oh! I beg pardon, Grayson, but have you seen Margery? She's wandered off somewhere, and I want her for this waltz."

Oh! with what shame and mortification she sank back into the alcove. She would have given the whole world to have forgotten the last few miserable minutes. It was but a moment, perhaps, till Ned was off again in his search, yet in that time she seemed to have lived years.

She felt now her contemptible jealousy had deceived her. That Grayson, who bore no inconsiderable resemblance to her lover was Miss Carlyon's partner, and that it was on them she was playing the eavesdropper. Her eyes and her ears had been tricked by her sick fancy, and this was the degrading consequence.

Perhaps Irene Carlyon had answered Mr. Grayson's question satisfactorily, or Neville's interruption caused its postponement, but in any case their sudden departure for the ball room gave Meg a chance to escape, and regain her old place.

It was not long ere Ned, in his disconsolate quest, came in and found her. He could not but notice her sorrowful, preoccupied face and asked her the cause.

She did not tell the whole truth then, though she may have done so afterwards, when Mrs. Neville, but what she did say certainly came from her soul:

"Ned, I want you for my sake—if—if Miss Carlyon has a dance yet untaken—to ask her for it. This I insist upon, and if you love me you will do it. It needed only to-night's lesson to make me see aright and to learn how foolish I have been."

He was naturally surprised and mystified, but forebore questioning, and when the wedding came off, so well had matters gone on, Irene Carlyon and George Grayson "stood up" with them.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

T. B. Peterson & Bros., have just published the story of "Carmen," from the French of Prosper Merimee, the original from which the opera of that name was dramatized with great success. The story is replete with strong dramatic incident, woven together with great skill and realistic effect, in which are vividly depicted the Spanish gipsy life and character. Price 50 cents.

The exquisite combinations of pictures, prose and verse which characterize children's books for the holiday season are so attractive they leave nothing to be wished for. Lippincott's have just published two books for children which are calculated to please old as well as young, by their charming illustrations and selection of stories and verse. "My Picture Story Book" is intended for very little ones, and is printed in clear large type, with lovely pictures in great variety. The binding is in blue cloth with graphic illustrations in gilt, and in contents and exterior fully typifies its name.

Their other publication is "The Playmate," bound with a handsome illustrated cover. It is intended for more advanced children, and is full of interesting stories, and sketches, and poetry, and with charming illustrations, which will make it a most acceptable playmate among the little ones.

"A Face Illumined" is the title of a novel by the well-known writer, E. P. Roe, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. It is characterized by the pure moral tone, and earnest, realistic style which pervades his writings, and is fresh with incident and character, which sustains the interest throughout. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price $1.50.

The old familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages," has just been published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, in a very attractive little volume, with beautiful illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrew, and also gives a short sketch of the author of the hymn, Augustus Montgo Toplady. It is printed on rich paper, with an illustrated binding in cloth and gilt, and its attractive appearance in this form will delight all lovers of the hymn.

Appleton & Co., have added to their "Handy Volume Series" an interesting little biographical sketch of Lord Beaconsfield, compiled by George M. Towle. It is illustrated by two portraits of Beaconsfield, one as he appeared in youth and the other of recent date, and although merely an outline sketch of his life, will be read with interest. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The "School Boy" is the title of a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, just published in a most attractive style by Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, with a variety of charming illustrations. It delineates in exquisite pen pictures the school boy's career, from its earliest days to its close, told in simple, heartfelt style of verse, which will awaken a responsive chord with many whose school-boy days are vividly brought back by its perusal. It was originally delivered before the students of Phillips Academy, Andover, June 6, 1878, on the occasion of their centennial celebration, and its publication in book form does even greater justice to its merits. It is printed in the famous attractive style of the "Riverside Press," and bound in cloth with a gilt illustrated cover, the lining of which is also illustrated in a novel style with small vignettes typifying boyish sports. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price $1.

MAGAZINES.

The December number of the "Edinburgh Review" contains the following interesting articles. "The Copyright Commission," "Low's History of the Indian Navy," "Gardiner's Government of Charles I," "Recent Explorations in Palestine," "Who Wrote the Annals of Tacitus?" "The Jesuit Martyrs, Campion and Walpole," "Sir Henry Taylor's Collected Works," "Correspondence of M. de Balzac," "England in the Levant," Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, and for sale in this city by W. B. Zieber.

"Blackwood's" for December contains a variety of entertaining articles, besides an interesting continuation of their serials, "John Caldigate," and "The New Ordeal." The rest of the contents is devoted to "Afghanistan and India," "The Peoniases of France, Italy and Germany," "A New Method of Social Evolution," "Dangerous Shots," and a poem in memory of Mercedes, the late Queen of Spain. Published by the Leonard Scott Co., and on sale by W. B. Zieber, of this city.

"Wide Awake" for December is very attractive in its contents and illustrations. The frontispiece is a winter picture of "Dove Life," accompanied by a poem entitled "The Doves," by Harriet McEwen Kimball;" an interesting paper, with illustrations, describes the Pet Lions and their Mistress in Boston. The article on "Child Toilers of the Boston Streets" describes the "Telegraph Messenger." "Tib's Cap" is a story for boys. Another is "Aunt Dolly's School Room Story." The serials "Trying to be True," and "Doc and Her Knights" are concluded satisfactorily. The other contents are "The Boy Cricket," "Prouty's Fortune," an article about "Hats," a little story about "No Dinners," which should be a good lesson for the many who give "no dinners," "Lettings and Hindrances," "My Sweet Potatoes," and "The Story of English Literature," and several other good things in prose and verse. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., of Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

S. T. Gordon, of New York, send us some choice selections from their latest publications, among which are "I am Dying Far From Home," a song and chorus, by Theo. Miller; music by W. T. Keefer. A ballad by Charles D'Albertie, entitled "Where the River Gently Murmurs." "A Campaign March" dedicated to General Butler, by J. S. Daly, and the "Irene Waltz," by C. Vincent Spousler. Also, a ballad by J. Yates Peck, entitled "Farewell."

At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods the auctioneer put up a wolf-skin dressing gown and invited bids. An old man inspected it closely, seemed to think that there was a bargain in it, but yet he hesitated to bid. "Don't you want that?" asked the auctioneer. "Yes, kinder," was the reply. "Then, why don't you bid and take it, ha?" "Well, I've bought heaps of things in dry goods and so on," slowly rejoined the old man, "any I never yet took anything home that the old bone was worth the price. If I got that 'ere robe for a song, she'd grab it up, pull at one end, gnaw at the other, and call out, 'Cheated again—more'n half cotton!' That's why I darn't bid."

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.—A new method of preserving wood by the application of lime is published. The planks are piled in a tank, and over all a layer of quicklime is put, which is gradually slaked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time according to its thickness. The material acquires a remarkable degree of hardness on being subjected to this process, and, it is alleged, will never rot.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 7, 1878.

SELF CONTROL.

Envy, hatred and uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature as they do upon his moral character, for whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the heart and the brain are alike susceptible to the influence, as the heart empties itself into the brain, and both are stricken with disease. To say that sorrow grieves the heart is more than a metaphor, for it like discord entering the soul and playing on the heartstrings, disturbs that harmony which binds the mind and body together with health and strength. Although wine is commonly said to "make glad the heart," the gladness is short lived, and the latest discoveries of science tell us that the drunkard is even physically, as well as morally, a heart-broken man. If we would therefore keep our hearts sound and strong we must cultivate that self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control that alone give life a sovereign power and calm its fretful fever. Did we know ourselves and our real capacities we would not break our hearts by working and worrying to attain objects which Fate has placed beyond our reach, but rather be wisely ambitious of serving our generation in that way and that place to which our powers point. That fretful stir which wears out life so soon," generally rises from a false ambition that strives to gain impossibilities which, blinded by self-ignorance, we fail to perceive as such, while we leave untouched and withering by neglect, the things which lie around us and which might prove the stepping-stone to something higher. If man will rightly value and reverence himself he will be satisfied to well use the one talent that has been entrusted to him rather than make himself miserable and destroy that talent and his health by trying to compete with those whom Nature has endowed with five or ten talents. It may be well to "scorn delights and live laborious days," but energy is too much developed when it throws life away for the sake of getting on and reaching for fruits which grow far beyond our grasp; and while we should shun the pains and penalties of an idle life, the fire of life is burnt out only too soon when ambition keeps it at that high pressure of straining after ideals which can never be realized, and which recede from us as we approach them, like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

THANKS:

A large number of our subscribers in sending their renewals for the coming year have kindly anticipated our wishes and send one, two, three and in some instances eight or ten new subscribers. This shows an amount of appreciation which is very gratifying to us, and to our friends who have thus used their efforts to extend the circulation of THE POST, we tender our sincere thanks.

If each of our readers only knew how easily a slight effort on his or her part would assist in doubling the circulation of THE POST, we feel sure they would willingly do their best to accomplish this result.

THE earth flourishes or is overrun with weeds and brambles as we apply or withhold the cultivating hand, so it is with our minds, which, without cultivation cannot produce good fruits, but as one can improve a land by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind improved by a variety of reading, and as the cornfield does not yield a poorer crop by the presence of a few flowers in the surrounding hedge, so the brightness imparted to one's reading by pleasant fiction does not detract from the growth of what is useful.

TASKS are pleasant relaxations peculiar to certain times, places and stages of life, but the pleasure and recreation derived from reading good papers and books are independent of everything, for while they supply the mental nourishment of our youth, they also become many of the joys of old age.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE emperors and kings are having rather a hard experience in these times, for it seems to evolve their being targets for the assassin and fanatic. It suggests the fact that the honors of a private, humble station in life which can bring peace and security are greatly preferable to the uneasiness of the "head that wears a crown."

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A REPORT has been recently published by a French engineer proving the feasibility of a railroad across the Desert of Sahara, which, if carried out, would revolutionize the conditions of the surrounding country. He claims the only obstacle would be the lack of water which engineering science of the present day would entirely overcome.

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THE salaries received by the English and American clergy show a wide difference in figures in comparing similar positions of both; while the English bishops are well paid, the clergy are not as well-paid generally as are the clergy in the United States. The Archbishop of Canterbury recived $15,000 a year, and the thirty other prelates an average of $26,750 a year. Out of 18,000 Church of England ministers only 250 get more than $5,000 a year, and 2,991 get less than $1,000. In the five Protestant Episcopal dioceses in the State of New York there are over 700 clergymen whose salaries will average over $1,000. Other denominations pay quite as liberally.

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Miss Maggie de Rothschild is preparing to turn Christian with a view to her marriage to the Duc de Guiche, son of the Duc de Grammont. The budding Duchess receives regular religious instruction from a Roman Catholic priest at Frankfort. The De Grammonts are very strict Catholics, and little as they objected to the young lady's money-bags, they did to her religion very much indeed—almost to the extent of forbidding the banns; and a French parent can forbid the banns in a most efficient manner. The more orthodox Jews are angry about the affair, and, adding up the many Christian marriages made by members of the great financial house, declare they are undeserving to belong to "the nation" any more.

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THE peculiarities connected with various habits do not arouse much interest until we realize their origin and influence, which is the case with left-handedness, which we frequently meet, and which only excites a wonderment that its facilities are equal to those of the right hand of others. Scientific study show that its origin depends on which side the brain takes the lead in infancy, although it exists from hereditary influences, and when once begun in a family probably continues in it, and it follows very curiously that left-handed people have the left foot one-third to one-eighth of an inch longer than the right. Those who are not left-handed have the right foot and hand frequently a trifle larger than the left.

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A CLEVELAND physician has recently written a protest against the custom of shaving as being antagonistic to health as well as good looks, and to strengthen his arguments he has introduced many biblical texts which refer to the subject. He infers that the children of Israel, while in bondage to the Egyptians, imitated their heathenish customs, and the shaving of the beard was one of them. Hence the great Lawgiver condemned it most emphatically, and history shows that the Hebrews generally discarded the use of the razor and the primitive Christians imitated their examples in wearing the beard long. As a matter of health the arguments in favor of the beard may be sustained, but the question of its becomingness would encounter too many conflicting individual opinions for one person's arguments to establish a rule for all.

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THE difference between the diet of the ancients and that of as moderns is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Romans used no alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them; nor coffee, nor tea, nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter, for Galen informs us he had seen butter but once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of our tropical spices, as clover, nutmeg, mace, ginger, Jamaica pepper, curry, pimanto. They used neither buckwheat, nor French beans, nor spinach, nor sage, tapioca, salad, arrow-root, nor potato or its varieties; nor even the common, but a sort of marsh-grown bean; nor many of our fruits, as the orange, tamarind, or American maize. On the other hand, they ate substances which we now neglect—the mallow, the herb ox-tongue, the sweet acorn, the lupin. They liked the flesh of wild asses, dogs, the dormouse, the fox, and the bear.

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THE Marquis of Lorne has brought with him to Canada an extensive establishment and will probably not allow the hospitalities so well maintained by the Earl of Dufferin to decline, and Rideau Hall will be the scene of festivities which will have an additional attraction in being presided over by a branch of royalty. The vice-regal residence is intended to partake of the nature of a court, which no doubt will be pleasing to the Canadians who will recognize in it a stronger connecting link with the Mother Country. The artistic talents which graced the rule of their precedessors are also possessed by the vice-regent and Princess, for his Lordship has some repute as an author, while the Princess is skilled in more than one field of art. She inherits her mother's love for the beauties of nature as well as those things which secure health and vigor to the body and mind. In person she is of graceful figure with sweet winning manners, and is said to resemble the Prince of Wales as he looked when he visited this country.

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PAPER has become an important article of usefulness it seems, to almost every want, except as an article of food. An exhibition of the articles to which it is adapted numbered the following: Animals, washbasins, water cans, carpeting, bonnets, a ship full rigged, lanterns, hats, masks, skirts, cloths, full suits, teeth, straps, handkerchiefs, napkins, bath tubs, buckets, bronzes, flowers, urns, window blinds, asphalt roofing, material for garden walks, coral, jewelry, window curtains, shirts, lace, belting, and a house made of pine, but with not only roof, ceiling, cornice, and interior walls of paper, but all the furniture, blinds, curtains, chandeliers, carpeting, ornamented doors, numerous mantel and table ornaments, and finally a stove of asbestos paper burning away cheerfully, and not consuming itself, as it evidently ought to do. All these things indicate some of the possibilities of the adaptation of paper. Who shall say where these possibilities end?

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THE personal service rendered to Queen Victoria are carried on by persons of the same condition of life as those who render similar services in every well-regulated family of wealth and refinement. It is stated that no herd of courtiers fill the anteroom, and no ladies of high degree attend the Queen to her bath and the various ceremonies of her toilette. This alteration in the manners of the court from those of former years has wrought the same change in its tone and character, for when these services were performed by persons of high birth and station they were frequently actuated by sordid personal motives, while the same services performed by persons of humble origin, the confidence reposed in them, raises them in their own estimation and inspires them with an incentive for worthiness of it. So it is with many of the noble families of England, in which domestics are regarded as confidential members of the family, living with them all their lives and leaving their children to take their places after them.

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THE Paris Expedition has aroused great attention to Japanese art and also Japanese literature. They have already shown the results of their observation at the Centennial Exhibition, for they introduce in their wigs and fans such colors as mauve and magenta, which were previous to that time unknown to them. Their literature partakes of the wierd, morbid, melancholy style as some of the German poets. "I thought of fleeing to a lonely mountain vale," says one bard, "but even in the hills the wild deer weep." Another Japanese lyrist sighs out, "My life, like the last leaves that the winter spares, is ready to fade and fall at the first breath of the wind." Stars are said, by a pathetic fallacy, or something very like it, to fall in love with each other, and "to weep like anything" when mists and clouds hide them from each other's sight. "What," asks yet another, "is life? Life is the road that leads to the grave; a lonely road through desolate wolds, a path that keeps no trace of the footsteps of men, a sound faint to be echoed by the clock that strikes at dawn." Productions of this kind among people whose characteristic taste is for bright colors and fantastic humorous subjects, show a foreign influence at work on the mind.

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THE extensive and self-sacrificing work done by the Howard Association during the recent terrible epidemic, shows the importance of such associations, and how much benefit they confer upon all communities. An institution similar in character exists in Florence and was organized in 1240, and is called "Misericordia" or "Company of Mercy," and the object was to assist those who met with accidents on the public streets, or were stricken with sudden disease. Originated by a band of profane men who were the terror of the times, one of the number becoming shocked at their career, conceived the idea of imposing a fine on those who were blasphemous in speech, and the fund collected soon was sufficient to purchase six hospital beds. It soon attracted the notice of the wealthier classes, and the funds increased as did the society whose duties were to nurse the sick, bury the dead and perform all such religious and benevolent duties as are called forth in epidemics. From being a purely democratic body it has drawn to its ranks the noblest and wealthiest classes, and still flourishes faithful to its original principles. Besides its large list of officers and active members it numbers many volunteers who can be called on at anytime. Every member must be eighteen years of age, of good health and morals, and the yearly contributions are but trifling and vary according to one's position. At present, the chief duty is to transport the indigent sick to the hospital, or if dead to carry away the body. On the tolling of the bell those on duty for that day must leave their occupations whereon they may be, go at once to the office and assume the dress used on duty, which is of black cloth covering the body, with three round holes for sight and air. They take up their litters and march to the spot indicated. The workman drops his tools, the artist his brushes, and the man of fashion his entertainment, at this summons and hurries to duty. The zeal and promptness shown are remarkable, and reflect much credit on an institution which has existed for six centuries. Ten persons accompany the litter, and the chief follows with the necessary medicines. There is a provision for the assistance of families left destitute by death, and the utmost regard is shown for the feelings of the patient, who is screened from public gaze. After the services are rendered they are dismissed until the summons of the bell calls them to duty.

SHOP WINDOWS.

There is nothing morally wrong in eating with your knife. It is a proceeding which cannot be conducted successfully without considerable practice and much dexterity. There is room in it for the exhibition of nerve and grace; and its establishment in high society would give for its earlier professors that notoriety which is so eagerly sought for. The only thing against it is that it was once considered a decisive mark of under-breeding. Well, there are what we used to consider decisive marks of worse than under-breeding about upon what we now think well-bred people.

A better sign of our times is its exposure and disregard of sham vulgarities. One of these is the decree against looking into shop windows. It is thought by some would be fashionables vulgar to stop and look into shop windows. Why? Well, they say, because all sorts of everybodies and nobodies do it—therefore it is vulgar. Your man of business has no time to loiter, looking at what he does not want—therefore it is idle. Women indulge in admiration of what they should not buy—therefore it is below the dignity of man to do the like. I take leave to dispute the soundness of all these conclusions, and, on the contrary, to express my fixed conviction that refinement, pleasure, and profit are to be gained by a careful contemplation of shop windows.

Shop windows rightly studied are educators in taste and social science, else why do all the fashionable, philosophical, and business world flock to universal exhibitions, which are but collections of shop windows? To an ordinarily intelligent observer the shop windows indicate the progress of taste, as correctly as any cunningly devised and finely graduated philosophical instrument can record the changes of our temperature. If a man wishes to elevate his taste, or to keep it up to the standard of the times, I can offer him no better advice than to give up some of his leisure to a course of shop windows.

It may not be quite as exciting to witness the competition between tradesmen and manufacturers in the production of tempting articles, as to look on at a horse or boat race; but from my point of view it is quite as interesting, and the result is far more important. Both are contests decided on the merits of the contestants; and in the former class each of us can award a prize to the competitor we think most worthy of it, and more—share in it ourselves.

I am now going to deny that looking into shop windows is a sign of idleness. I do not mean to say that a man who has bills to take up, or a train to catch, or is expected to be punctual to dinner, ought to stop and gaze upon plate glass.

One of the wise and witty sayings attributed to Lord Palmerston was that "dirt was nothing else but matter out of place." Idleness, by a parity of reasoning, is only doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. By this rule, missing opportunities is one of the worst forms of idleness. The man who lets the chance to escape him of learning the lessons to be read in the shop windows is, to my mind, the worst of idlers. Let us take any article set out for sale that you like to name—from a suit of diamonds to a second-hand patched-up boot; from a child's toy to the newest thing out in philosophical instruments. Now reflect how they were made, and by whom? What sort of people will buy them? What will become of them? etc., etc.; and, if you can think at all, you will have entered upon a train of thought that will occupy your mind pretty briskly for some time.

From a shop window point of view, the art of making believe is capable of producing much pleasure. By making believe in this way I can constitute myself the owner of all sorts of nice and curious things without spending a cent, or incurring any risk of spoiling, losing, or getting tired of them. I can also indulge in speculation as to who on earth can possibly want, or be expected to buy, those other things which I would not have as a gift.

It would take volumes to contain all that could be written about book-shops. For me they are painful reminders of how many things I do not know, and of the good reading that I have not read; but I am consoled when I look at books for boys. If there had been such in the merry days when I was young, how much merrier would they have been! How many tears and thrashings I would have escaped! Are we not wiser than our fathers, and will not our sons be wiser than we are? May they be happier in their wisdom!

One half the world does not know how the other half lives; and why? Because they do not look into shop windows. Come with me into a poor district, and I will show you in the course of half an hour's walk through the shop windows how the inhabitants live. Leaving the highly respectable highway, let us turn into this narrow street; it is of considerable length, and forms the leading passage through a district peopled with workers of the poorer sort. Father out at work, and mother working at home, there is no time for going shopping. All the little wants of the family must be procurable in a few minutes. Thus when a paper of tea or a bit of soap are required, the mother runs out without shawl or bonnet, or sends little Betsy with the exact price in her baby hand. It is the same with all the other wants of the poor; precious time must not be lost in looking after them, or making them up, so as the customers cannot go to the shops the shops must come to them. Therefore shops providing for all the wants of the poor—from a cradle to a coffin—are to be found in groups in this and like districts. Broken down bedsteads, rickety tables, dismembered chairs, mutilated washstands, cracked crockery ware, and other household utilities in the last state of decay find their market in such places as this. Do people about to marry buy their furniture in such shops as these? But there are the goods, and you may be sure that they would not be there unless some one had reason to know that they were wanted. When you are made aware of the fact that among the poor of the working classes it is by no means unusual for boys and girls in their teens to marry on a fortune of a few dollars, you will cease to wonder how those rags and that lumber find purchasers.

Shops providing tools and materials for the various trades carried on in the vicinity speak of its industries; others dealing in luxuries such as sweeties and toys for the little ones, cheap trinkets and ornaments for the mothers, and fancy pipes, tobacco pouches, and the like for the fathers, tell their tale of the little luxuries enjoyed by these humble people when trade is good.

The bird-shops show their delight in pets. The pawnbroker's window is eloquent about hard times; watches, trinkets, musical implements, and such like superfluities are the first to appear under the sign of the golden balls. Then comes the Sunday clothes, then more necessary things, till at last the idle tools, the blankets, and, alas! the wedding rings, join the procession. In the pawnbroker's window you can thus read of the decline and fall of the poor man's home, and obtain an insight into the manners and customs of a people as strange to you as the inhabitants of the interior of Africa.

The window of a shop is its face, which is sometimes its fortune, and always an indication of its character. From the small ware dealer with almost all his stock pinned up on strings, to the aesthetic loafer, who crumples a few silk handkerchiefs into artistic "bits of color," and leaves the rest to our imagination—what a range of character we have! Pride revelling in ostentation, pride aping humility, self-conceit, trickery: you can read in the shop windows as you run.

As I write, an intimate friend, who is a capital fellow, and an oculist of renown, comes in, and I tell him what is the text of this week-day sermon. Says he, "I once noticed a man whom I had cured of cataract, and who had not seen for fifteen years; on the first day he went out into the streets, he stood before the shop windows and literally shook with excitement and delight. It did me good to see him."

Now, one who has never seen a thing—be it what it may—is, so far as it is concerned, blind. So thou, my friend!—whom I have convinced of the pleasure of disobeying these humbugs—"Let us take a walk down the street," and look at the shop windows.

T. B.

Chinese Dentistry.

In this country the dread art of the dentist is nowadays practised with such skill and ingenuity, with the view of causing the least possible pain to suffering humanity, that it will not be uninteresting—albeit the subject is a somewhat grim one—to contrast with it the more clumsy methods in vogue among the Chinese.

It is well known that the Chinese attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and that their dentists profess to take these worms from decayed teeth. When a patient with toothache applies for relief, if the tooth is solidly fixed in the socket, the gum is separated from it with sharp instruments and made to bleed. During this operation the cheek is held on one side by a bamboo spatula, both ends of which are alike, and on the end held in the hand some minute worms are concealed under thin paper pasted to the spatula. When all is ready, this is adroitly turned and inserted in the mouth, and the paper becoming moistened, is very easily torn with the sharp instrument used for cutting the gums; the worms mix with the saliva, and the dentist of course picks them out with a pair of forceps. The patient having ocular demonstration that the cause of the disease has been removed, has good cause to expect relief, which in many cases would naturally follow the bleeding of the gum. When the pain returns, the same operation is performed over again, and a fresh supply of worms fully accounts for the recurring trouble.

These worms are manufactured in quantities to suit the trade, and they are very cleverly done; still, to carry out the delusion fully, the dentists are obliged to keep on hand a few live worms to show their patients, explaining that most of those taken from the tooth are killed either by a powder which is often applied, or by the process of removing them with the forceps. The practice just described, it may be added, is resorted to when the tooth is firmly set in the jaw.

The painless extraction of teeth is supposed to be accomplished by the application of a powder to the gum, which is said to loosen the tooth so that it may be removed after a little time with the thumb and forefinger. This powder, however, like the other, is useless, and only applied to deceive the patient. Indeed, unless, a tooth is loose the Chinese have no means of removing it; they do use a pair of forceps, but these are useless except with a loose tooth, and when employed they have to be concealed in a cloth, because patients are taught that no instruments are used.

Another of the Chinese dentist's stock-in-trade is a flat piece of iron with a hole at one end of it, which he uses to hook on to the end of the canine teeth when they are irregular, removing them by a sudden upward jerk.

When a tooth is not sufficiently loosened to drop out or be pushed out by the tongue, a little folded or twisted piece of paper is sometimes used, one end of which is so adjusted in the mouth that when the patient closes his teeth, which he is directed to do, the loose tooth bites upon it, and the operator then gives the paper a quick pull, and so removes the tooth.

An operation on a canine tooth is thus described. The dentist first applied powder, and then took up a piece of cloth in which was concealed a flat iron instrument of the kind mentioned above; this he kept in his right hand, and in his left he held, wrapped up in paper, a flattened lump of wax, which is called 'toothache plaster,' and is believed to have in it some charm or power to loosen teeth. After the powder had done its supposed work, the dentist struck the patient several slight blows with his left hand in quick succession on the cheek just behind the region of the tooth to be removed by the plaster. This was done to divert the attention of the patient, while the operator with his other hand appeared to be rubbing the gum with the piece of cloth, but was in reality adjusting the instrument on the tooth. Then, with a quick jerk upward and outward, he partly dragged the tooth from the socket, the upward jerk being so quickly and adroitly managed as to give the appearance of an accidental catch on the tooth, or a hasty movement of the hand as the dentist stopped hurriedly back to get some more toothache plaster. The same operation was then performed over again, and the tooth came out.

The insertion of artificial teeth was practised in China for ages before it was introduced into Europe, and has certainly one great recommendation, namely, cheapness. The material used is bone of ivory, and the tooth having been sawn and filed into the proper shape, is fastened to the adjoining teeth by copper wire or catgut string. If two or more teeth are required, they are made in one piece; and a hole being drilled through the entire length, a double string or wire is passed through it and is looped over the natural tooth at one end, and tied to the teeth at the other. This work, though rude in the extreme, looks better than the absence of teeth, and is of some use in mastication. The cost of a single artificial tooth is commonly from five to ten cents, and the charge for a full dozen from twenty-five to fifty cents. Even at these low rates Chinese dentists are said to do a thriving trade; and if this be the case, we should say that all things considered, their fellow-countrymen must be a long-suffering race indeed.

A Word on Cats.

Though many people have an antipathy to cats, and consider them treacherous and cruel, there are countless instances on record where puss has shown the most devoted and enduring affection for those who have kindly treated her. Nothing can be more unjust that to call a cat cruel, seeing that it merely seeks to provide itself with food in the manner its instinct points out to it. The artifices which it uses are the particular instincts which the all-wise Creator has given it in conformity with the purposes for which it was designed. Being destined to prey on a lively and active animal like the mouse, which possesses so many means of escape, it is necessary that it should be artful.

An anonymous writer says: "We may learn some useful lessons from cats, as indeed from all animals. In their noiseless tread and stealthy movements we are reminded of the frequent importance of secrecy and caution prior to action; while their promptitude at the right moment warns us on the other hand against the evils of irresolution and delay. The curiosity with which they pry into all places, and the thorough smelling which every new object receives from them, commends to us the pursuit of knowledge even under difficulties. Instances are frequent of illustrious persons who have been attached to the feline race, and of cats who have merited such attachment. Mohammed would seem to have been very fond of cats, for it is said that he once cut off the sleeve of his coat rather than disturb his favorite who was sleeping on it, and Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that when it died he had it embalmed and placed in a niche in his apartment.

In point of intelligence the cat has been often unfavorably compared with the dog; and yet it can be shown that puss is capable of much natural ability. One writer tells of a cat that had learned to lift the latch of a door; and other tales have been related of cats that have been taught to ring a bell by hanging to the bell-rope; and this anecdote is said to be well-founded. It occurred several times that a servant entered the library without having been summoned by his master, and in all these cases the domestic was quite sure he heard the bell. Great wonderment was caused by this, and the servant began to suspect that the house was haunted. It was at last noticed that on all these mysterious occasions the cat entered with the servant. She was therefore watched; and it was soon perceived that when she found the library door shut against her, she jumped on to the window sill and thence sprang at the bell. Cats do not like being transplanted from one place to another, as the following anecdote will show. A family living in one county moved to another. They of course removed all of their household goods, including a fine cat which had been in the family for years. Arriving there the cat showed dissatisfaction at her new abode, and after a few days disappeared. Shortly afterwards the cat walked into the old house to the great surprise of the neighbors. As might be expected she was very footsore and lame. When it is considered that the distance travelled on foot by the cat, was over seventy miles, the feat seems very wonderful. Hundreds flocked to see the four-footed pedestrian, and large sums were refused by the owner for the favorite.

A family had once in their possession a favorite Tom cat, which had on several occasions exhibited more than ordinary sagacity. One day Tom made off with a piece of beef, and the servant followed him cautiously, with the intention of catching and administering to him a little wholesome correction. To her amazement she saw the cat go into the corner of the yard in which she knew a rat hole existed, and lay the beef down by the side of it. Leaving the beef there puss hid himself a short distance off, and watched till a rat made its appearance. Tom's tail then began to wag; and just as the rat was beginning to make way with the bait, he sprang upon and killed it.

A lady residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburgh; it was conveyed to her in a close basket in a carriage. The animal was carefully watched for two months; but having had a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both kittens. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have found a new home. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance from Glasgow, her well-known mew was heard at the street door of her Edinburgh mistress; and there she was with both her kittens; they were fat, she thin. It is clear that she could carry only one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty-miles; so that if she brought one kitten part of the way and then went back for the other; and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have traveled one hundred and twenty miles at least. She also must probably have journeyed during the night, and must have resorted to many other precautions for the safety of her young.

To lead a 'cat-and-dog-life' means a good deal of scratching and biting; but dogs and cats have been very frequently known to get on very amiably. For instance there was a cat which had formed a very warm attachment for a Newfoundland dog; she caressed him continually—advanced in all haste with her tail erect when he came home and rubbed her head against him, purring with delight. When her shaggy friend lay before the kitchen fire, puss used him as a bed. Her couch arranged to her liking, she composed herself quietly to sleep. The dog bore all this with patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation.

There is an absurd idea prevalent among some old fashioned people—that cats suffocate infants by sucking their breath. This is declared to be unfounded and untrue, no baby ever having been so suffocated. It is impossible for a cat to suck a child's breath. No doubt in some country places, among the ignorant, a popular superstition to that effect may exist; but when a child has been found suffocated, in many cases the cat may have lain on the infant's mouth for the sake of warmth, but with no murderous intent.

There is a well-known hospital in London for dogs; and a lady has established a sort of asylum for lost cats in some other part of England. But such kind friends are scarce, and pussy in her journey through her life will continue to find many dangers on the road; not the least of which is when the poor creature is left to find for itself when her thoughtless owners leave home for other quarters.

Bachelors in Literature.

The number of bachelors who have acquired fame in the field of literature is much larger than is generally supposed. Among them are Tasso, Petrarch and Boccaccio—all victims of unrequited love—Ben Jonson, Thomson, Collins and Cowley, the latter, although very amiable otherwise, hardly being able to endure the sight of a woman; Pope, Lamb, Cowper, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Gay, Horace Walpole, Rogers, Crabbe, Robinson, Keats, Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Watts, who made the longest visit on record, a forty years' visit; Frederick Grimm, Beranger, Rabelais, Bolleau, St. Beuve, Erasmus, Burton and George Buchanan (tutor to James the Sixth). In our country we have Irving, Whittier, Theodore Winthrop and the poet Whitman. If the subject should include sculptors, painters and musicians, many more would be brought in: Raphael, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, Chopin and Beethoven. Congreve, Keats, Hans Anderson and Turner came under the head of "lady-killers." Hans was "awful ugly," but that seems not to have interfered with his attractiveness. Whittier was styled the "ideal bachelor," Thoreau, "the hermit," Thomas Hollis, "who would not marry lest it should interrupt his studies, the "literary bachelor," and Mark Akenside, "the irritable, cross-grained bachelor." The corpulent bachelors make a long list, with Hume and Gibbon at the top. Macaulay, as a bachelor, was a mystery, because he liked women and was liked also by them; and when he loved, it was with entire and exclusive devotion.

Oh, yes! Life is full of grandeurs, generosities, force of spirit, etc., to the young, but it is curious how many of these somebody, perhaps no longer young, often has to pay for.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application is too price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect it without it as to look for a harvest without seed.

It is not so easy as philosophers tell us to lay aside our prejudices; mere volition cannot enable us to divest ourselves of long established feelings, and every reason is averse to laying aside theories it has once been taught to admire.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made kind by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To be good is a luxury. If you are not better and wiser at the end of the day, that day is lost.

STANZAS.

BY CECIL MAXWELL LYTE.

There is a tender hue that tips the first young
leaves of spring;
A trembling beauty in their notes when
young birds learn to sing;
A purer look when first on earth the gushing
brook appears;
A liquid depth in infant eyes that fades with
summer years:
There is a rosy tint at dawn that flies the
brighter day;
A sound of innocence and joy when children shout at play;
A laughing breeze at dewy morn that faints
with sultry noon;
A silver veil that softest hangs around the
maiden moon:—

The scent that roses fully blown about their
beauty fling
Is sweet, but cannot with the breath of
early buds compare.
So doth there bloom a gentle love in life's
enchanted spring,
That fills the breast with feelings age can
never hope to share.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

She was not feeling well, she told her mother in the afternoon. She told her husband so, making a merit of the necessity of speaking to him, and speaking civilly. She should get them to excuse her at the dinner-table: sick of the continual feasting, weary after the exertion of playing hostess to so many guests, she should enjoy a cup of tea in her own room in preference to dinner; perhaps should go to bed; and her mother could head the table for once for Guy and the two or three men who remained. No opposition was to this made by her mother or the lord: and all things seemed to go on smoothly for her scheme.

Evening came. Dinner was again laid in the state banqueting-hall below, though so few would this time partake of it: and when they were seated safely at table, Mrs. Wylde facing Guy, Alice's time was come.

Trembling and shaking, not so much at the evil deedt of what she was doing, as at the thought of penetrating by dark—or rather by moonlight, for the moon shone full and bright—to the west tower and that haunted room in it, Mrs. Pomeroy prepared to set forth.

Quitting her apartments, watching her opportunities so that she might escape the eyes of servants, sheltering herself now in this corner, now in that, Mrs. Pomeroy got safely below into the cloisters, and thence into the north wing. The north tower door stood open for her, she ascended its stairs, and was speedily at the west wing. Whether she would have had courage to go through the rooms alone remains unsolved, for there, at the top of the stairs, stood Rupert.

"Where's Guy?" he whispered, as he took her hand in greeting; and the anxious question proved that he was not easy as to Guy.

"At dinner in the banquet hall. I told him I was ill and could not go down. He thinks, no doubt, that I am sulky."

Rupert descended to lock the door, and make all secure; but as they went on into the next rooms, she shook so that he was obliged to hold her. *She* was not easy, either.

"Rupert, this is what I ought not to do, and I would not have come had I known how else to see you. But I am so terribly anxious about the Keep; I have had no peace since that first note of yours, and I wanted to ask you what had happened. Oh, dear! must we go into that haunted chamber!"

"It will be pleasanter for you because you can sit down," he answered, pushing open the door of it.

The moonlight shone into the chamber, revealing its ghastliness—and ghastly enough it looked by this light to the imagination of Mrs. Pomeroy. It shone on the mysterious picture, and on the defacement caused by the burn, when she had accidentally held the candle too close. Whether the canvas was damp, or whether it was in a degree fireproof, or whether the spirit of the nun was present to protect her own image and property, was uncertain; but all the burn had done was to smoulder away into smoke, destroying a portion of the picture, leaving an ugly black stream stretching upwards and across; but, strange to say, sparing alike the face and the prediction. All things were as they had been left that night. The lord had given no orders upon the matter, and the servants had been only too content not to meddle of their own accord. Perhaps in the subsequent bustle, attendant upon the birth of the little girl, Guy had forgotten all about it.

The prediction was in Mrs. Pomeroy's mind as she stood there in the moonlight, every line, every word; the lines were ringing in her ears with an ominous sound. She heaved a deep sigh, and turned away from the picture. Rupert crossed the room and took up his standing by the window.

"Why do you sigh?" he asked.

"Why do I sigh? I have enough to make me sigh, with one thing and another. And I am in mortal dread of Guy's finding out that I met you. Have you been dining out?" she added, suddenly noticing that he wore black clothes.

"Aye, at Knox's. I had to come away at the second course."

"But how did you manage to get up here?" she exclaimed, sitting down on the old velvet covered couch. "How many of the servants saw you pass the corridors?"

"Not one, either last night or to night. I took care. They did not see me; and, if they had seen, they could not have known me. Look here."

He suddenly enveloped himself in a friar's grey cloak, throwing the capuchin—or hood—over his head, so as to conceal his face effectually.

"And your hat?"

"I wore none. I got Father Andrew to lend this cloak to me yesterday," he continued, turning himself round in the moonlight for Mrs. Pomeroy's inspection. "He wanted to know what midnight expedition I was bent upon."

He threw off the cloak as he spoke. Mrs. Pomeroy rose, went to the window, and peeped out.

"Caution, Alice. The moon is bright, and your face might be discerned here from the house. Had she not been under the dark clouds last night, you might have seen mine."

"I thought it utterly impossible that you could get here: I thought you must have made some great error. How did you get the keys?"

Rupert Pomeroy stole his lips towards her ear. "Filched them! Stepped aside to Jerome's closet-sanctum, and filched them. Luck favored me; it often has. I have had possession of them from last night to this."

"Rupert!" she suddenly exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her, "Jerome has aided you to come here!"

"No, he has not. Not a soul has aided me, save Father Andrew, in the loan of the capuchin. Jerome has aided me in another way, though—you do not ask about the Keep."

"I have been putting it off," she replied, sitting down again on the couch. "The thought of it frightens me."

"We have had a spy upon us, Alice, as sure as that we are here. Whether the lord has found out anything for himself, or whether he has been put on the scent by others, I can't say; I think the latter, for if he had watched you to the Keep, he would most certainly have pounced in upon you."

"But how did you learn anything at all?" she interrupted, not allowing him to go on steadily.

"I learned it through Jerome. Yesterday he made his appearance at Gaunt's, and began talking to me about the Keep in a low whisper, though Gaunt and his housekeeper, old Nanny, were both abroad and I had the place to myself——"

"What did he say? What did he say?"

"If you interrupt me like this we shall never get to the end of the story," laughed Rupert. And as the reader may be saying the same, it may be as well to give it as it occurred.

Jerome made his appearance at the gamekeeper's lodge the previous morning, as you have now heard, voice, tread, manner alike stealthy, just as a schoolboy's is when he is at some mischief. "Mr. Rupert," he began, "do you go at all to the Keep?"

"Why?" asked Rupert.

"But do you, sir?"

"I have been in there once or twice."

"Ah, I was sure of it!" cried old Jerome. "I wish you'd be away from the village, sir, until matters are smoother between you and the lord. This morning before breakfast the lord came to me: 'To whom have you entrusted the key of the Keep?' he asked; 'It has not been out of my custody since the late lord died,' I answered. 'You lie, Jerome,' he cried: 'You have lent it to my brother, Rupert Pomeroy. Or else you have kept it so loosely, that somebody has been able to get possession of it for him.' 'Well, Mr. Rupert, with that we went on to the key-closet, which I unlocked; and in my flurry I looked in the wrong niche for the key, and did not see it. The lord saw my distress. 'Some one was in the Keep yesterday, Jerome,' he said in a kinder tone: 'I tried the spring of the private door, and could not get in, therefore somebody must have been there and had got the bar up.' 'Here's the key, Lord of Pomeroy,' I said, showing it to him: 'in my haste I looked in the wrong place. I have not given it to Mr. Rupert.' 'Then,' said the lord, when he saw the key, 'the secret of the spring must be known to some person—and the most likely person is my brother Rupert: who else would dare to meddle with the Keep?' And so, Mr. Rupert," added the old man, "I thought it my duty to come and tell you this, for I conclude, sir, it was you who went into it."

Such was the story Rupert repeated to Mrs. Pomeroy. Ere it was concluded, she rose in terror and grasped Rupert's arm.

"Jerome added that Guy took possession of the key," continued Rupert to Mrs. Pomeroy, "and reiterated his warning to me not to enter it again. The foolish old fellow actually had tears in his eyes. I fancy he knows you were there with me. And now, Alice, you know why I sent you that first note by Bridget——"

"Do you really go to-morrow?"

"I go to-morrow. I should have gone to-day had you come last night. It may be better that I should be away, as old Jerome says. Badly though Guy has treated me, I don't wish to show dissension in his home: and my staying here might result in that."

She was weeping silently. Rupert Pomeroy was very dear to her, and she was about to lose sight of him, perhaps for ever: but she, as silently, wiped away the tears, so that he should see them not.

There is an expressive proverb which says that for the debtor's bond and the stolen interview, time flies on wings. On wings, most certainly, it appeared to fly for those in the haunted room. Mrs. Pomeroy may have been unconscious of its flitting, let her answer it; but when the courtyard clock rang out ten, she was still there.

With a faint cry of dismay she started up.

"Have you a watch, Rupert?"

"No, I left mine at Gaunt's: the spring's broken."

"I do fear it was ten that struck. And, what if Guy should have been up, and missed me? I must go at once; without delay."

As she turned her eyes, accustomed now to the faint light of the room, she distinguished a tall dark figure standing up, right against the picture. Fascinated and terror stricken, she gazed; not with ghostly terror, but with terror far more ominous and real—far too well did she discern the grand outlines of that form, and knew it to be no other than her husband's. Rupert was peering at the clock over the gateway, when he found himself suddenly and unexpectedly startled by his companion's seizing hold of him and shrieking out in her agony of shame—"Oh Rupert! Rupert!" For surely it was nothing less than shame, to her, caught in this clandestine interview!

The Lord of Pomeroy strode forward, his eyes glaring, his white features terribly livid in the moonlight. How stealthily he must have come up! And—how long had he been there?

CHAPTER XIII.

ESCAPED.

The Lord of Pomeroy strode forward, his white features livid in the moonlight. Thrusting his wife out of reach of harm, spurning her with his foot, for in her dismay and fear she sank to the ground of her own accord, he drew a double-barrelled pistol upon his brother. The ball missed him, entering the dark wainscoting and yet the Lord of Pomeroy had a sure hand in general. Ere he could draw again Rupert closed with him, and they grappled for the weapon. Mrs. Pomeroy heard the deadly scuffle, as she sped, gasping and moaning, from the chamber, through the rooms of the west wing, and gained the stairs of the north tower. In her haste and terror she fell down them against the door below: and just then she thought she heard the noise of the second barrel, but was not sure.

Up again in a moment. She seized the key which Rupert had left in the door; but whether she turned it, or whether it was previously unlocked, she never knew. Probably the lord had left it unlocked when he entered: though, how he had contrived to enter, considering that Rupert had locked the door on the inside and left the key in it was a mystery.

The door, opening into the cloisters, stood ajar. Mrs. Pomeroy flew out, sank down on one of the green benches of the quadrangle, clasped its arm tightly, and hid her face on it—just as we clasp the nearest support for protection on awaking from a terrific dream.

Trembling, moaning, cowering; feeling that to die would be a mercy; even the wainscot, which had received the ball, she could envy, and wish it had been her own bosom: Mrs. Pomeroy sat there till the clock went the quarter-past ten.

"Can't I go into the lady's room yet?" she heard one of the servants say, who appeared to meet another in the passage. "Getting on for eleven, and it's not put to rights for the night."

"No," replied the voice of Theresa. "The lady said she should try and sleep her headache off, and I was not to go to her room, on any account, unless she rang. The door's fast."

Mrs. Pomeroy shuddered, and held the bench convulsively.

The minutes rolled by, almost killing her with their slow protraction, and the clock chimed the half hour. In that one half hour she seemed to have live the agony of a whole lifetime. Neither had come down; neither Guy nor Rupert: of that she felt certain, for her ears were strung to a strange fineness then. She could not bear it longer. It seemed that her brain was giving way. Slowly, cautiously, a step at a time, she stole through the cloisters to the staircase door, put her head up, and listened. There was not the slightest sound. Up still, a stair at a time, and so on, through the west wing to the last room in it silently and creepingly. She paused at the door of the west tower, of the haunted room. The door was not closed, only pushed to, and the same silence reigned within—a silence that was every moment becoming more awful.

She pushed the door open, and then shrank back and drew up against the wall, lest the movement should have caused alarm. No: still there was no movement, no sound, and she ventured to enter the room. She was stealing towards the window, when she fell over something. Putting out her hand to save herself from quite falling, it touched—either a hand or a face. It seemed like the latter—and it was cold, with the coldness of death.

Her nerves could bear no more: this was the climax. Uttering shriek upon shriek, and tearing along as if the dead man were coming behind her, down she flew again in all the terror of superstition. The servants came forth, bearing lights; the guests, who had then gone to the quadrangle with their cigars, ran in the same direction—all to meet Mrs. Pomeroy, her face white, her eyes starting. The servants caught her, and she lay, convulsed in their arms. Mrs. Wylde came up.

All crowded round Mrs. Pomeroy, one universal sense of consternation prevailing. Speak, she could not; but she shudderingly pointed, now to the stairs of the north tower, now to the windows of the haunted room in the west one. What she could mean by indicating the north tower no one was able to understand; for, that it should be open, was suspected by none. But the other movement was more readily understood, and the servants called out simultaneously, "She has seen the ghost!"

"Go, go," she gave utterance to at length, "there," pointing to the haunted room. "Some one is lying dead."

All were ready to go, none comprehending what they were to go for, or what there was to do: and they went in a body towards the stairs, bearing several lights.

Jerome took a light from the hands of one of the servants, walked quietly before them, and led the way up through the west wing. At the door of the haunted room he halted, turning round to face those who were following.

"I must go in first alone," said he, his tone one of assured authority? "I am the oldest retainer in the family, in the confidence of the Lords of Pomeroy and I demand it."

He passed in, and let fall the hangings, no one attempting to dissent; but in less than a minute he held them up and spoke, his voice sounding like a wail.

"Walk in now. Oh, woe! woe!"

Holding their breaths, the crowd pressed in, one upon another. Woe, woe! as Jerome had said; for there lay the Lord of Pomeroy in the arms of death. It was his cold face that his wife had touched.

So, Rupert had mastered! had obtained possession of the pistol in their mortal struggle, and shot his unfortunate brother, for the bullet was subsequently found in the head. The lower part of the face was also bruised and battered, as if by blows.

It must be remembered that those now gazing on him possessed no clue whatever to the tragedy, its cause, or action; neither could they give the slightest guess as to the perpetrator: Jerome doubtless suspected, but he kept silence.

"What's this?" exclaimed one of the guests, snatching up a dark grey cloak, and exhibiting it to their view. "This was not the lord's. Ah, ha! this will lead to a discovery."

"I know that," interrupted a servant. "It is Father Andrew's capuchin. He wears it sometimes when he comes to the abbey on a winter's night."

"Father Andrew's!" echoed the assemblage; and they began to abuse the speaker.

"I could swear to it," doggedly persisted the man: "I know it by those two rents at the tail of the skirt. The father said he got it caught in a gate one windy evening."

Father Andrew, a priest, and an unoffending man, attack the lord!—for of course the words bore that implication. The thing was not likely; it was inexplicable. The question as to him was soon set at rest, for who should walk into the room but the reverend father himself. The terrified women below had sent for him in haste.

"What's to do?" cried he, on the broad gria. "Somebody seen the ghost?"

They made way for him, and threw the light on the floor. Father Andrew's countenance changed. He stepped back awe-struck.

"Who is it?" whispered he. "How was it done?"

"It's the lord; and he appears to have have been attacked and murdered," hastily spoke one of the upper servants. "Does your reverence know this?" added the speaker, picking up the cloak.

"That's mine," said the priest.

"How came it here, father?"

A light, as of horror, seemed to break upon him. "I lent that to—to—a friend," he whispered.

"To whom?"

The priest was silent. He did not seem inclined to say. Lord Sones took a step forward. He was not a Roman Catholic.

"Sir," said he to Father Andrew, "it appears to me, as it no doubt appears to those who stand here with me—my fellow guests at this house, and the valued old retainers of my poor friend lying there—that it is incumbent upon you to speak and say to whom you lent the cloak. A most foul deed has been done: and that cloak is the only clue we possess at present to its apparent perpetrator. You must state freely to whom you lent it."

"Rupert Pomeroy. He came to me yesterday and borrowed it."

There was a pause of dismay; and poor Father Andrew, who had spoken unwillingly in his allegiance to the Pomeroys, and because there was no escaping it, gave vent to a groan of pain.

The public commotion was without parallel. Nothing like unto it had ever stirred up that remote and quiet country. The Lord of Pomeroy had been murdered (so people put it) by his brother Rupert.

The police took the affair into their own hands, turned the servants, as it were, inside out, and collected details at will.

Rupert had escaped. How, or by what means, none could tell. That he was still concealed somewhere in Abbeyland, perhaps even in the abbey itself, was conjectured by the police, and the search after him was keen. Bills, headed "Murder," in large letters, were posted about, offering a reward of £200 for the apprehension of Rupert Pomeroy.

As soon as might be after the tidings reached them, Joan Pomeroy arrived at the abbey with her brother-in-law, Henry Capel. Shocked, distressed, horrified, Joan listened to the details of her brother's death, and of the disgrace brought on the house by the woman he had made his wife. Whether innocent of actual crime—as she might be—or whether guilty of it, Alice Pomeroy had as surely been the originating cause of the calamity, had as directly led to it, as anyone can be or do in this world.

A sad funeral; a solemn ceremony: that which attended to his last resting place Guy, Lord of Pomeroy: made doubly sad and solemn by the terrible circumstances of his death.

Up to the last hour Guy had lain in state in the chapel in his coffin. Many a tear was dropped over him, many a sob suppressed. Pomeroy would not know a better lord. Guy might have been stern and cold of manner, but he was generous of heart.

And so, with all this state and ceremony he was put in the cold chapel vault by the side of his late father: and the people went home, leaving him there. And the death-flag waving over the abbey gateway was exchanged for the hatchment. And Joan, in her superstitious heart, said that this had been the working out of the prediction. Or, perhaps but its commencement! Who knew?

Jerome quitted the abbey on his return from the funeral, to take up his abode in the Keep. The calamity had sensibly affected this faithful attendant of the Pomeroys. His occupation at the abbey was gone, he told Joan, when soliciting permission from her to quit the service and retire to the Keep, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he said it. Mrs. Pomeroy he declined to serve, and the new lord George, was not there. For the renegade, Rupert, could not inherit, and George was the Lord of Pomeroy.

"Jerome," Miss Pomeroy took occasion to ask, dropping her voice to the lowest whisper, "can you think where he can be?"

But Jerome, instead of answering, gazed at her beseechingly—as if silently imploring her to drop the subject. Joan fancied that he looked a little bewildered.

"I speak of my most unfortunate brother Rupert, Jerome. He must have made his escape from the abbey that night in the general confusion. Have you any idea where he is?"

"Alas! no," sighed the old man.

For months Mrs. Pomeroy kept her rooms, nursing her remorse and her anguish. As spring advanced, and the weather became genial, a sad figure, veiled and draped in crape, might occasionally be seen wandering in the more sheltered parts of the garden, or seated under its gloomiest trees. She now inhabited only a portion of the front pile of the abbey—that lying between the great entrance gates and the south tower—and her household was a small one. The rest of the numerous servants remained, doing nothing: they were the lord's retainers, and awaited his coming home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Only Just Saved.

Willie Stansfield was clerk in a London and Indian bank. He was an orphan, and had but one or two distant relatives. Not very many friends either could he boast of, but two he had, both sincere and one powerful. Mr. Manley, a lifelong friend of his father, had procured him his present appointment in the bank, of which he, Mr. Manley, was a director; and Mr. Turner had known him from boyhood, and counselled him on all important matters.

"Willie," said the latter, "what is this whisper which reaches me that something more than kind feeling has risen up between you and Laura Manley?"

A question of this character put to youngsters of three-and-twenty generally disconcerts them a little, but Willie replied pretty readily—

"There may be people in the world so clever that they have penetrated both into Miss Manley's heart and my heart, and there discovered a secret," he answered; "but that one single person ever saw the smallest outward manifestation of affection between us, I most positively deny."

"You had better speak less excitedly, Willie. That vehement temper of yours does not show signs of mending."

"It never will, Mr. Turner," continued the young gentleman, "and, what is more I do not much care about its mending; I would always rather speak out, and to the mark. But you are quite right," he added, in a softened tone; "I have no wish to conceal anything from you. "I love her with all my heart."

"Do you imagine Mr. Manley has any suspicion of this matter?"

"No. He cannot have the slightest."

"I fancy he has."

"What! Mr. Turner forgive my being so warm-tempered—I will be as calm as possible. If any dastardly creature, if any despicable person, man or woman—but no, no, I am wrong—do tell me, my kind, good friend, why do you surmise?——"

"There, pray let it rest. I quite understand. You will not, on any account, seek to deepen the present mischief—for mischief it is, you know, Willie—but you will do your utmost to efface it?"

"Mr. Turner, look here, this is the principal reason why I am doing all I can to induce the bank to give me an appointment just vacant in India. My application is to come before the directors to-morrow. Mr. Manley, as you know, has been in the country for months. I have written to him, begging him to support my request; if he does it is sure to be granted, but——"

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"Why, though Mr. Manley is my very kind friend, he is such an odd-tempered, impulsive man, that I never can rely upon him in any particular matter. If he should refuse me in this, I shall not hesitate to tell him frankly that it will be a proceeding so inconsiderate, showing such a thorough want of real interest in my welfare—such a complete callousness——"

"Mercy on me, Willie—spare me another outburst! Let us wait events."

These soon revealed themselves. The speakers were in Willie Stansfield's lodgings when the above conversation took place, and Mr. Turner was leaving when the postman brought a letter. Stansfield read it, and then flung it into the corner of the room.

"I thought as much!" he exclaimed in a fury. "Of course he refuses. Read it Mr. Turner. Just tell me what you think of that? Mr. Manley pretends to be my friend. He once told me that he assured my father, when he was dying, that he would never lose sight of me. And what does he do? He gets me a trumpery berth in a bank, and invites me now and then to his house; but the moment I ask him a real favor, which would cost him nothing, but which would give me something like a chance in life, he turns away. Oh, I hate such hypocrites! I will write and tell him so."

"I wish it had been otherwise," said Mr. Turner, "and I own I do not altogether understand it," he added, as though some special thought perplexed him: "but, Willie, I cannot hear of your writing Mr. Manley as you propose—it would be both foolish and wrong."

"Maybe, but I shall do it."

"Then you quarrel with me also, Stansfield."

"I shall be very sorry but my mind is made up."

"So is mine, and if you send this letter you will not see me again for a long time."

And Mr. Turner left. Then the letter was written, and a vastly stupid letter it was, of course. But he did stop at this. He must needs go head over heels into mischief, into almost ruin, it seemed indeed. He saw the secretary of the bank, and spoke in such unmeasured terms, that the secretary plainly told him the board would not improbably think he had better leave the company. That afternoon Stansfield went home in a worse state of mind than ever.

It was two days after this that Mr. Turner, hearing Mr. Manley had come to London, went to see him at his club. They were well known to each other.

"I am glad to see you, Turner," said Mr. Manley, "more especially because you perhaps can throw some light on the movements of that stupid boy Stansfield. Where's he run off to?"

"Run off! Really I don't know. I haven't seen him for a couple of days. In fact, I quarreled with him over a threat of his writing you, in what I saw would be a most unjustifiable strain, about you not supporting his wish to be sent to India."

"Unjustifiable! The letter came, sure enough, and was simply abominable. One would think I had done him some deadly injury. Now just see how vexing this affair is to me. I confided to you that it had crossed my mind there was some feeling between this lad and my daughter Laura. When Stansfield's letter arrived asking me to support him for the Indian appointment, Laura and I were at breakfast, and after reading it I said, 'Laura, you will be glad to hear young Stansfield is just off to India. He wants to make his fortune in a hurry. It is a good berth he is going to, and the only drawback is that both the previous occupants died of yellow fever, but Willie may be more lucky.' Well, after I had witnessed the effect of my little speech, I had no doubt how matters stood, and I thought: 'Well, I suppose I ought to be very angry. I ought to denounce these two young people, and threaten them with my bitterest anger if they should for an instant think of one another again. But for once in my life I will take time to consider. The world would speak out finely if it knew what is in my mind at this moment. What do I care for the world? But at all events Master Willie must not go to India, and I will write and tell him so. Yet I must be cautious I do not let him see what is in the background, and which may never get to the front. I must simply decline to aid him, and he will well know I have his interest at heart. But now it's all over. That youth might in time have been my son-in-law, rich, blessed with a dear and loving wife—every kind of happiness at his—but no, we are parted. He may be a fool, he may be a madman. To neither will I trust my Laura. My decision is irrevocable, pray say no more. Willie Stansfield must do something very praiseworthy indeed before he returns to my favor."

He thought of these words in many an after year.

"What a hopeless couple of men to deal with!" soliloquised Mr. Turner, as he wended his way home. "One the impersonation of violent temper, and the other of obstinacy. And so this quarrel, which might so easily be arranged, is to cause ever so much suffering and injury, without any prospect of a termination. It is truly deplorable."

It was; but as to bringing Willie Stansfield back, that was out of the question. He had already started for America.

Some five years after, in a passenger car on one of our railroads were an elderly gentleman and a beautiful girl. They had come to America from England for the benefit of the young lady's not over-strong health.

"Papa," said the young lady timidly, and with the dreamy air which we associate with the looking back on long-past events, 'did you notice a gentleman who entered as we were just starting?"

"A young man, with brown hair and dark grey eyes? Yes, Laura; and I thought how wonderfully like he was to that headstrong lad, Willie Stansfield, who will turn up again, I suppose, one of these days."

"Do you think, papa, it could possibly have been he?"

"There is no saying. We always assumed he went abroad. He may be here—may be in this train. I well remember the last words I said to Turner about him, that he must do something very praiseworthy before he could return to my favor. I dare say, like the rest of the world, he is striving and struggling. Laura, this is indeed a wretched day for travelling."

But Laura's thoughts were upon the brown hair and the grey eyes.

"This is the station, Laura, before we come to the long tunnel. On we go again. How we all of us cry out for change! Restless creatures we human beings are! Bah! The idea of my moralising!" and the hard-headed business man laughed at the notion.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, papa. I feel a little dull, myself, at the moment. Do you know, I fancy I am in a more critical state than you think. I may not live, you know, papa. I may not. If I should die, you will not bury me here? You will take me home, and——"

"My Laura, my Laura!" exclaimed her father, drawing her to him and embracing her, "what has come over you? What sudden alarm is this? There is nothing to fear, my girl. This line is admirably worked, and all contingencies are provided for, and——"

No. Not that of a heavy bar lying on the rails, placed there after the last train has been signalled "All right," by some dastardly villian whose intent was murder and plunder.

The huge engine reared up as if in rage, and fell back on the foremost car. The hind part of the train was jerked off the line, the cars falling around and upon one another in hideous confusion. Only a few of the central ones escaped injury. How many passengers were killed I cannot tell you now. In a sense, they were favored above the cruelly wounded, for the summons was immediate, and was immediately obeyed.

Mr. Manley rose from the embankment on to which, by some eccentricity of movement of the falling carriages, he had been thrown. For a minute all was confusion in his mind. Then memory returned. Where was Laura? She remained in that shattered compartment upon which another carriage was partly resting. He could just hear her voice now, crying for her father.

The old man shouted for help, but there were far worse cases, and no help came. A cry then arose that the train on the other line was just due, and the way being blocked by the debris, another accident was imminent. A loud wail of despair issued from the poor father, as fruitlessly he strove to remove the great mass of fragments in which his daughter was entombed.

Who was this who, attracted by the doleful cry, approached to render aid?

Mr. Manley did not know at the moment. He simply saw a young and powerful man, and he clutched him by the shoulders, and then even sinking on his knees before him, the old man besought him by all he held dear, by all his hopes, of present and future, to save his child. "Save my Laura, my Laura, sir, and all I have shall be at your command!"

To the right, to the left, the masses roll: the work is more than half done, when the cry arises that the whistle of the unstopped train on the other line is audible. Stand aside. No use working further. Death must have his additional victims. On comes the train.

Only at the last moment did Willie Stansfield succeed in clasping the frame of Laura Manley, and bearing it away.

Saved! Who could take her from him now?

It the toyish minds of the present day could be enlightened on the real character of men who are occasionally met with here and there, and who attempt to typify the heroes of certain kinds of literature, assuming such names as Rattlesnake Jack, or Bowie Knife Bill, and who wear buckskin suits and carry innumerable pistols, knives, and rifles, and tell marvelous stories in which they fill a prominent role of heroism and daring bravado, assuming all the attributes of a hero, how quickly the charms with which imagination has surrounded them would be dispelled by the realties of such characters, which reveal man and crime in the most cowardly and repugnant form.

FACETIÆ

On the rail—A scolding woman.

A water spout—A temperance lecture.

Every carpenter has a plane duty before him.

A Middleman—With a girl on each arm.

Debtors are usually free from remittent fever.

A cold snap—A suddenly broken piece of ice.

Give us neither poverty nor riches—anybow, not any poverty.

Reading makes a full man, but the action is slow compared with drinking.

"Into the chaws of death," said the man who fell among the teeth of a buzz saw.

The man who was kicked out of the house by an irate parent, didn't laugh in his sleave.

A slice of Limburger cheese worn on the upper lip is pronounced a sure cure for a hooked nose.

When you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger—for there is a rock ahead.

"Where can I get good, cheap, plain board?" asked the traveller. And the boy sent him to the planing mill.

History has no hero who is admired by the average boy so much as the man who spits at a mark through his teeth.

Medical examiner—What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness? Student—"A club."

A writer having spoken of an "American young lady of eighteen springs," a punster suggests, "Probably her name is Sofy."

Smith and Jones were examining a gun that was not loaded. Of course it went off. Smith was filled with remorse, and Jones with bird shot number two.

The "Church of the Eight-spot of Diamonds" is found in Denver, Col. The wicked give it this name on account of the resemblance of its fancy-colored slate roof to the card designated.

Fully two-thirds of a man's labor is done gratis, and he can consider himself fortunate to receive pay for one-third. There is, however, one consolation that some men's work is not worth much.

A North Carolina paper says of an official: "His mule threw him, dragged him some distance, and but for a rotten saddle girth would have caused a vacancy in the office he now so acceptably fills."

It is said that there is one word in our language which is never pronounced right even by the best scholars, and that is the word wrong. It is only fair to observe, however, that there is another word which is never pronounced wrong, and that is the word right.

In China they behead a physician who loses a patient. If this custom could be introduced in the United States a large number of young men who are now hanging around medical colleges would immediately turn their attention to agriculture or some other harmless and useful pursuit.

Ten rules for young men—Always pick up a hot poker by the cold end; never spend your money when you can get things for nothing; do not despise a twenty cent cigar or a $2 dinner because another man pays for it; remember it costs more to go to a high-priced theatre than it does to take a back pew in a free church; nothing is troublesome to you that other people do for you willingly; never pay to-day the man you can put off till to-morrow; never trouble yourself to do for another what he can do just as well for himself; never buy what you don't want, simply because the man says he is just out of it; do not position your own elbow for the boil on another man's neck; when angry be sure you can handle your man before you call him a liar.

The expectation of future happiness is the best relief of anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life, and the comfort of death.

Prudently Rebar Up your Cold by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throats, and certain curative for Coughs.

LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES.

Be kind to each other for time is departing.
It may be that some of us see not the May.
Oh, let not the thoughts of old injuries smarting,
Prevent you from doing kind actions to-day.

Too short, too short, is the time that is fleeting
For man to nurse anger and wrath in his breast.
Give then to each friend and each brother a greeting,
And give double portion to him thou lov'st best.

Let by-gones be by-gones. What recks it that broken
Last year was the rose by the thunder king's dart?
See she puts forth her white buds as a token,
That though she was stricken yet sound is her heart.

Learn ye from the flower that sweet is the feeling
Of him who forgiveth his enemy's ire;
For turneth to friend and in spirit low kneeling
Blooms forth a new rose from the storm-stricken brier.

A Dangerous Bouquet.

BY E. S. D.

One year—not so long ago either—I took it into my harum scarum head to go on from Vienna—where I was—to a certain town in Poland, into which rather an extra Russian garrison had been thrown in consequence of some rumors of discontent or a possible conspiracy amongst the natives.

I knew an attache of the Russian Embassy, who gave me a letter of introduction to a countryman of his own in Varsencrow; and armed with that I departed, arriving at the Polish town at its very gayest time—plenty of balls, dances, and pretty women to flirt with, which was very jolly.

I asked my Russian friend one night, at a grand ball given by the commandant, if there had been anything more heard of the rumored Polish conspiracy.

"Well," replied Baron Orlandaff, stroking his moustache, "I rather think that our people suspect a very considerable and desperate plot, but of course it will be found out, and all concerned sent to Siberia or elsewhere. I suppose now, M. de L'Orme, all you English sympathize with these Polish rebels, eh?"

I laughed.

"Oh, some do, and some don't care; it has nothing to do with us, Baron, though I suppose it is natural for them to prefer independence; on my honor it is nothing to me."

As I turned slightly I caught a glance, half, I thought, questioning, from a pair of splendid dark eyes and as she and her chaperone—an ugly old lady—passed on, I turned to my companion.

"My dear Baron, who is that deuced handsome girl? I have never seen her before anywhere."

"No. Ah, she cannot often get her cross, hypochondriacal old aunt to turn out. There was a foolish gossip when she first came here some months back, that she was married at sixteen to a foreigner and deserted, but I think her uncle, the Governor of Poland, knows better than that."

"Ah, then she is a Russian?" I said, not sorry to hear this denial of the gossip.

"Well, yes and no. Her father was a Polish noble, who settled in St. Petersburg, and married the youngest sister of Count Meranwitch, now our Governor, who is, by the way, stopping at the next town, so near that I hope he will show up here. Of course you see, therefore, that Mademoiselle Zoe Letzinska is practically a Russian."

"Pray, sir, do me the great favor to present me."

The good-natured old Baron agreed at once, remarking, as we moved forwards: "Of course she has heard of you, 'the handsome Englishman,' by this time. Ah, Mademoiselle, permit me the honor;" and I was formally presented to both aunt and niece. I did the polite for a little to Madame Schulofstein, and then, as the band struck up one of those German waltzes that make one's feet go, I begged the honor of beautiful Zoe's hand at once.

"I hope, Monsieur," she said archly, as I passed my arm round her slight, graceful form, "that you are better than most English waltzers, or——"

"Try me, Mademoiselle, and give me your verdict at the end of three waltzes," I whispered softly, as I whirled her lightly away amongst the gay crowd.

The fact was, I was a foreign, not an English dancer, for I had been a great deal abroad, and in the German capitals had been first a favorite as a waltzer, so I had no fear of the lovely Pole's dictum, especially as Germans and Poles nearly go mad about waltzing.

"Now, my sentence," I said, stooping over her, as later on we ended the third waltz, which my impudence had won me.

"Ah, Monsieur, it is perfect," she said enthusiastically. "He dances like a Pole!"

"Not a very good Russian compliment, and Mademoiselle emboldens me to ask for a fourth?" bold Albert de L'Orme says at once.

She laughed, colored, and said, with a flash of her bright eyes:

"Upon my word, you are an impudent Englishman. No, Monsieur, not a dance, but instead, you shall do me a slight favor, if you will," she added laughingly, drawing me I hardly noticed how far, into the beautiful conservatory behind us.

"If? Heaven! Mademoiselle, could a de L'Orme refuse his life if beauty asked it?"

"I shall not, I hope, demand so much," she answered quickly, and began gathering a few flowers, evidently selecting them carefully—such, I suppose, as pleased her best; but I confess that she herself, the fairest flower of all, engrossed my eyes most as I leaned against a light pillar watching her graceful movements.

In five minutes Zoe came back to me with a tiny bouquet in her hand, and for one moment paused, gazing into my very eyes; a wistful, scanning, appealing gaze, which made my own grow earnest, and my heart beat fast. There was something here deeper than a mere ball-room whim.

"Dare I still hope to be honored with Mademoiselle's trust?" I said, bending down with a grave smile. "I am a stranger at present; I am a daring, reckless fellow enough, but no man, still less no woman, ever yet trusted Albert de L'Orme and found him wanting."

"I believe that," she said earnestly; "you have the face that women trust; no, I will, and if—if you think me bold—unwomanly——"

I touched the sweet, quivering lips.

"A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle, but while your eyes read me so truly, mine read you with equal truth; no such thought could possibly cross me, nothing unworthy the most pure and exquisite womanhood could possibly attach to Zoe Letzinska. Tell me how I may serve you."

Her beautiful eyes were full of tears as she glanced round and whispered a little hurriedly: "Bend down lower;" her delicate fingers were busy fastening the few flowers in my breast in place of those I had worn. "Wear these until the ball is over, and then, instead of going to your hotel—do you know a little red house not far from the northern outlet, the one they say is haunted?"

"I know it, Mademoiselle: it is not very far—just beyond where the old camp-outs have been."

"That is it. Go there, tap gently, and—oh, for the love of Heaven, let no living being outside see or follow you—and give these flowers to whomsoever answers the summons. Say nothing, my token will tell that Zoe is faithful. And if the night-patrol, or anyone else should challenge you——"

"Of course," said I promptly, "my wits, Mademoiselle, are as trustworthy as my honor."

"I think they are," she answered with a keen look. "Ah, how can I ever thank you for your generosity—your service?"

"Mademoiselle, by permitting me the honor of waiting on you to-morrow."

Zoe hesitated a moment, and then taking my arm said, "If Monsieur pleases—the evening is the time my aunt prefers. Now please take me back, I have troubled you long enough."

Of course I made a gallant excuse, pretty speeches always tripped off my tongue readily enough, but this time—what a fool I was!—why should I care? because this was all evidently a love affair of beautiful Zoe's; of course it was—must be.

"Ah, by Joe, I'm a weak fool," said I to myself, in my careless fashion, as I swung along the dark road on Zoe's mission. "I suppose I'm a bit caught at last; it's a great lark"—very nearly a fatal one before three days were gone.

I reached the red cottage unmolested, save by a sentry who seemed to know me, however, and delivered my fair lady's flowers to an old fellow who looked like a Polish Jew, and walked back to my hotel.

The next evening found me wending my way to the queer, lonely old house just outside the town. When I entered the drawing-room, the servant told me that Madame Schulofstein was in bed with a headache; but Mademoiselle would be so glad I had come. And so she was doubly, for when, as she was alone, I offered to depart, she said in her sweet, frank way: "Oh, no; please stay, Monsieur de L'Orme, for all the servants except Sophie have gone to dance at the cook's wedding, and they will not be home until midnight. If you would only——"

"Mademoiselle, I am a second time made happy by being permitted to serve you."

Zoe laughed as she opened the piano; but it struck me that she was restless and uneasy, her gayety forced, and once or twice I was sure she listened. Catching my glance, she flushed painfully, looked at the clock, which stood over her, and said abruptly: "I wish I had never sent you with that bouquet. Oh! if only the patrol had not seen you!"

"*Eh bien*, Mademoiselle!" I said in surprise. "I am not sorry. What is it to him if I have love-affairs of my own, or choose to mix myself up in other people's?"

"It was not a love-affair," said Zoe hurriedly and rising; "but I had no one I could trust! I deceived you. I—"

Before she could finish, Sophie came quickly in with a small note. "A little boy brought it," she said and retired. I could see Zoe's little hand shake, and her breath came faster as she broke the seal. I could see that there were only a few lines in the Polish, *not* the Russian language; but they filled her with terror, for she uttered a low, passionate cry, and suddenly grasped my arm—almost wildly.

"*They* have escaped and are safe! but you are lost! The Russians are upon us; I have flung away your life, and I *must* save it, even at the cost of honor! Come!" And with this she rushed from the room into a gallery, I heard her say led to her apartments, I following her. In a moment more, we had entered a magnificent chamber, but almost at the same instant I heard the tramp of feet along the corridor, the door was burst open, and the boudoir was full of Russian soldiers of the garrison.

"Monsieur de L'Orne, you are my prisoner," said the sergeant in command.

"And pray who are you?" said I coolly, "and on what charge do you dare to molest the liberty of an English subject?"

"Because, Monsieur, the English subject has dared to throw himself into a desperate, though futile plot; and, when it was discovered, daringly carried a warning, which secured the escape of the most dangerous conspirators. Monsieur evidently prefers death or Siberia to his English home; but he is lucky to have secured the favor of the Governor's own niece," he added, glancing round with a sneer which roused my passion, as no insult to myself could have done, and the next second the Russian would have measured his length, but in that moment he was swung aside, and Zoe, beautiful brave Zoe, springing forward, flung herself on my breast with a passionate burst of tears, sobbing wildly—

"Oh! Albert, my love! my heart! is this your welcome after all these miserable years of separation! Never!" She turned now, facing them all—though my arm, which it was the very instinct of manhood to throw round her, still held her—facing them with burning brow and flashing eyes and haughty indignation. "Know," she said, "that this man is *my husband*—mine, the Russian lady Zoe—the niece of Poland's Governor—who is not himself more innocent of all these Polish plots than Monsieur de L'Orme. Sergeant, you touch my husband at your deadly peril! You know that I have the power, and, by the heavens above, I will use it! I will be answerable to my uncle for my own husband. Go! Your feet pollute a lady's chamber!"

"But, Mademoiselle, I—"

She stamped her feet fiercely. "You dare, you scum of the earth, to insult the Governor's niece! I am a wedded wife—Madame de L'Orme—Go!"

"You hear my wife's order," I said coolly, pointing to the door, and crushing down a strong inclination to laugh; "only next time unite discrimination with zeal. Drink Madame's health, and confusion to her enemies!"

I tossed a handful of silver on the table; and bade Sophie—who had been a frightened spectator till now—to show them out; but I followed them myself to make sure. Whatever doubts the sergeant might have, he dared not, in the face of her bold declaration, disobey the command of the Governor's niece, or lay a hand on her "husband."

Poor Zoe; how well I knew what an agony of shame—what suffering to her sensative womanhood—it had been to act as she had done. I knew that a few hours must blow up the whole *ruse*, and that, in fact, despise myself, she had sacrificed her position, her home, her safety—more than all, her fair name, for me; and my very heart beat passionately for the noble girl as it had never beat for a woman before. She had laid down her life, her honor, at my feet, and henceforth both were mine alone to protect and love. Zoe—"my life"—rightly named.

I went back, but I was not prepared for the tearless, stony misery, the deathly despair of the face that met me. Still she hurriedly made arrangements for my departure and escape.

"You fly to the Austrian frontiers," she said. "I will remain."

"Remain," I returned hotly, "with a dishonored name and a fate before you from which strong men shrink appalled—all lost to you that I may live! Zoe! Zoe!" I broke out suddenly, clasping her to my breast with a passionate force that left her no power to move. "No! No! May the Great Judge forget me for ever if I leave you behind! Zoe darling, weep again as wife of this heart that is henceforth your only shelter. I claim *you* now, my wife indeed, my love, my Zoe!"

"No, no! you break my heart." She was weeping dreadfully. "Your generous nature speaks: spare—spare me! loose me in pity!"

But I folded her closer, and, stooping as she lifted her face, daringly pressed kiss after kiss on brow, and eyes, and lips. "Not unless you tell me that each kiss is another's right, and Albert too bold a lover. Ah! sweetheart, in pity one word—Is it my Zoe?"

"Ah, yes, Albert—my heart!" Such a soft whisper, only reaching a lover's ears, but I sealed it with my lips twice before I loosed my clasp, and then said wickedly:

"Two horses then, if you please, Madame de L'Orme; we must make our escape before the servants return."

She left me then to prepare for her perilous journey, but soon returned, well wrapped in costly furs, and told me her aunt and Sophie were both asleep. Giving me a lantern, she led the way by a side exit to the stables, from whence I soon selected and saddled two strong horses, used, Zoe said, to the hard, frozen, winter road. So in that dark midnight hour, in the bitter cold of an early Polish winter, we fled, fugitives for very life and honor.

My poor Zoe, it was hard for her to be forced to forsake kindred, and people, and country, and take refuge with strangers. It was a terrible journey; but we reached Hertzenvalt, on the line, in safety at dark, and were received most hospitably by the English consul and his wife, whose brother, a clergyman of the Anglican Church, happened, by the great good luck, to be stopping there; and, from every point of view, the case was so urgent, he kindly married "his Polish fugitives" that very evening in the consul's presence. We started *en route* for England the next day, and when my dear mother gave a daughter's welcome to my beautiful Polish bride, and heard our story, she laughed and kissed me, saying: "Did not I always say my wild Albert would never win a wife like other men? nor has he."

Ah, darling wife! looking up at me with those loving eyes as she puts a bunch of roses in the old place, and I whisper, as I kiss the dear lips I touched first in such deadly peril:

"Never, on my breast, sweetheart, shall rest any but Zoe's flowers."

MY CHOICE.

BY C. L. S.

"Effie, my dear, you want a holiday," said my aunt one cheerful Summer afternoon, when, exhausted by my labors in the school-room, she surprised me leaning back in an easy-chair, dejected and listless.

That I really did require a holiday was very true, but that I did not care to be sent away just then to enjoy one equally so. I protested against any such an arrangement with all the energy I could muster; but it was long since I had tasted the sweets of having my own way. To yield good-naturedly to the will of my despotic, but by no means tyrannical relative, had been my lot for the last six years.

It was a tedious discipline, for, until I was sixteen, my slightest wish had been law to the most indulgent of parents. But first one, and then the other, had been called away, and at that early age I was left an orphan. How much of sorrow there is in that word, none but those who have felt it can say. I sicken now when I recall that season of bitter anguish; though I was not left so destitute either of friends or of money as many are. A small annuity came to me, and my mother's brother took me at once to live with him. His wife had some considerable property, and a son by a former marriage, and they were now surrounded by a numerous family. He was a surgeon in good practice, and very little at home. She was a kind-hearted woman, and treated me with every consideration. I was too broken-spirited at first to care much what became of me, and was glad to do just what I was told, which suited my aunt exactly.

Soon after I arrived her governess left, and I found that I was expected to fill her place. My aunt did not put the truth to me unkindly, but still so clearly, that I had no choice but to submit. I worked hard, and had many a severe battle to fight against a proud, over-sensitive disposition; but, on the whole, I was better off than thousands.

Ralph Torre, my uncle's step-son, was just my age, and became my firm friend from the first day we met. He was a manly, clever fellow, full of gentleness to his half-brothers and sisters, and the life of the house whenever he was at home. I believe my uncle loved him as well, if not better, than any of his own children and he had no prejudice against his step-father, his mother having married when he was only three years old.

Year after year stole away, and found me still at my post. The two elder girls, Lelia and Amy, were sent away to complete their education, and were to be brought out in the Winter, but there were younger ones to fill their place, and give me plenty of occupation. With my morbidly sensitive disposition, I dreaded the return of my two cousins to take their place as grown up young ladies, in a way that was most foolish, to say the least of it. I felt that I should begin at once to occupy the position of a poor relation, and yet I shrank from the idea of finding a home elsewhere.

For the first few years the happiest times of my life were those when Ralph was at home for his holidays. He had chosen his father's profession, that of an engineer, and went to study in London. They said he had great talent, and I listened to all that was spoken in his praise with a glowing cheek and a beating heart. His mother was naturally proud of her handsome, clever son, and formed many ambitious schemes for his future; foremost amongst them was a wealthy marriage.

I knew well whom my aunt meant to have for her daughter-in-law—a Miss Linley, the only daughter of our rector. She was an amiable as well as a pretty girl, and would have a large fortune. She was a constant guest at our house, and there seemed every chance that my aunt's wishes would be fulfilled. I could but acknowledge the desirability of such a connection, and tortured myself by dwelling on it. I knew Ralph cared for me, but it might only be as a sister.

I stayed away my usual month in accordance with my aunt's wish, and returned to work when the girls were back at school, and Ralph in London again. I listened eagerly every time a letter came from him, for the usual friendly message; but, either he had ceased to send it, or my aunt to deliver it, for none reached me, though he often desired to be remembered to Grace Linley. I fretted and wearied myself with fears and conjectures, until, what with my work and the worry, I was really looking ill, and so it had gone on for another year. I knew that Ralph was coming home for two months' holiday in the Summer, and I had been in daily expectation, as the time drew near, of receiving my sentence of banishment. It was therefore with no hope of success that I offered my mild protest against a holiday. I was, however, quite unprepared for what was to follow.

"You have been looking ill and out of spirits for some months, Effie," continued my aunt. "I know that, now the girls are away, we lead but a dull life; and I am sorry for it, for your sake."

"But you know I dislike parties," I interrupted.

"My dear," she replied, "so you say. But you must recollect you are twenty-two years of age; and, with your good looks and accomplishments, it is quite time you should have a chance of settling in life. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see you comfortably married; but there is no one in this neighborhood at all suitable. I once feared you and Ralph had a fancy for each other, but I am glad to see it has worn off; as, of course, such a marriage would have been equally foolish on both sides. I dare say Lelia has told you that he and Grace Linley have formed an attachment. I do not think Mr. Linley will object to the connection, and it will be the making of Ralph for life, as Mr. Linley has such good interest. I tell you this, my dear, in strict confidence, as I know you feel a sister's interest in Ralph. But to return to your affairs: you have heard me speak of my youngest sister, who married Captain Letherby; well, she is now at Ryde, and has asked Lelia to come and stay with her for some months; but I think she is too young just now to go so much into society; so I have asked Edith to take you, my eldest daughter, instead, and she is delighted to do so. We must get all your things nicely arranged, and I am sure you will have a very pleasant visit."

So it was all settled for me, and I had no choice but to go. Somehow I did not credit the mutual attachment of Ralph and Gracie; but what my aunt had said fell like a dead weight on my spirits, and I am sure I must have seemed very ungrateful not to have taken more interest in all the pretty things that were got ready for my departure.

I found Mrs. Letherby the kindest of women. She received me as a younger sister, and I was soon in the midst of a whirl of gaiety. It was quite a new life to me to be courted and admired, and have nothing to do but to amuse myself.

When I had been with them a little more than a month, the Letherbys told me that they were going to have a Mr. Mellwin to stay with them; and Mrs. Letherby, with many knowing looks at me, described him as a most eligible bachelor. Of course I was rather curious to see the gentleman who was to be in the same house with me for the remainder of my visit, particularly as I saw plainly that my kind friends meant that we were to fall in love with each other. To prevent such a contingency I was as distant and silent during the first few days as was consistent with common courtesy; but Captain Letherby was a great deal away, and as Mr. Mellwin was one of those men whose unaffected, cordial manner must thaw the most reserved, I got to like him in spite of myself.

Captain Letherby and his wife were not slow in finding out how matters stood, and I believe the former was in Mr. Mellwin's confidence, for he was always praising his friend to me, telling me what a splendid income and estate he had, and how many mothers were scheming all they could to get him for their daughters. I do not think they could at all understand my indifference to the good fortune that had befallen me; and to add to my misery I had heard some hints from Mrs. Letherby to her husband about Ralph having proposed to Miss Linley.

About this time we were unusually quiet, so I had leisure to think over my position in every light. Here was I, an orphan, with next to nothing between me and destitution, and Providence had put within my reach an affectionate husband and a luxurious home. Was I right in throwing so much away? Ought I not to be able to transfer the love I had bestowed unsought on Ralph Torre, to one who would value it, and give me a rich return? Ralph might then take the place he seemed to wish in my regard, and be a brother still. I tried to reason myself into this, and I thought I had succeeded; that I could bear to hear of Ralph's engagement to Gracie without emotion; indeed, that I almost hoped I might very soon.

In this frame of mind I was a great deal more genial to Mr. Mellwin, and tried with all my mind to fall in love with him. But, good and estimable as he seemed in every respect, I could not feel for him what I did for Ralph. Though I had been expecting the proposal for days, and had done all I could to put it off, it came suddenly at last, and took me so by surprise, that I had nothing to say. I had planned beforehand a little speech about trying to love him, and doing my duty, and that sort of thing; but when listening to his honest, passionate avowal, it seemed foolish, and little to the purpose. He told me that had he not seen an alteration in my manner for the last few days, he should not have ventured to propose, but that by it he had been led to hope for success. I do not know how I did it, but in a few moments he had heard the whole story. When I had finished, he spoke so kindly, and yet so sadly, that I liked him better than I had ever done before.

"He is very fortunate, Miss Kingley," said he: "but though I fear you will think me cruel just now, I must say I hope he will remain in ignorance of it. In the meantime, will you think over what I have said, and let me hear at the end of a week whether I may hope some time to fill a higher place in your regard? I can but love and respect you all the more for the confidence you have reposed in me."

I promised to do as he wished, and he told me that he intended to leave the Letherbys the next day, but that he should return to receive my final answer.

The next day a letter came in my aunt's handwriting.

It was only a few lines; and, when she had finished it, Mrs. Letherby threw it across the table for me to read for myself.

A glance was enough to satisfy me that it did not contain what I feared it did. I only saw the words "Ralph has an excellent appointment, and goes abroad in the Autumn." The effort to appear unconcerned was too much for me. My head swam; my heart seemed to palpitate in my throat; and I should have fallen from my chair if Mrs. Letherby had not risen from her seat, with an exclamation of alarm, and supported me.

During the whole of that day I was ill and perplexed. It was quite clear that Ralph was not engaged; and so long as that was the case, my foolish heart would not allow me to forget him. If he had proved to me, by marrying another, that my conviction that he loved me was false, my pride and self-respect would have come to the rescue, and I should no doubt have married Mr. Mellwin, and made him an affectionate wife. But such was not to be the case; and I tried to think what my future might be, but it was all dark and uncertain. One thing alone was plain—I could not accept Mr. Mellwin.

The day before Mr. Mellwin was to return and hear my decision, I was sitting alone with Mrs. Letherby, depressed and wretched. My two months' visit only wanted a week of its completion; I must then return to my uncle's house, where it was quite evident I should be no longer welcome. Ralph would perhaps be home for a little while; then he would go away, and in all probability our paths for the remainder of our lives would lie far asunder.

"Well, Effie," said Mrs. Letherby, interrupting my melancholy reverie, "how are you going to receive Mr. Mellwin to-morrow?"

Then followed a long speech, intended to convince me of the foolishness of the course I was pursuing, and pressing on me the advantages of the position I was throwing away.

My tears began to flow, and I was on the point of making a full confession, and asking for advice, which I felt I sorely needed, when the hall-bell rang, and I rushed away, thinking to escape to my room before the visitors were announced; but in the passage I encountered, not the footman on his way to answer the bell, but Ralph Torre, who had opened the door for himself, and was going to the room which I had just left, where Captain Letherby had told him he would find his aunt and myself.

Yes, Ralph was come to decide all my difficulties. He had heard accidentally from Lelia of Mr. Mellwin's suit, and this hasty visit to his aunt was the result. I had not been mistaken; he had loved me since the days he had taken my part as a schoolboy, and had only waited to declare himself until he had some definite future before him.

Mr. Mellwin came the next day, but I had no occasion to confirm my rejection; Ralph, my choice, was by my side, and that was sufficient answer.

I was very sorry for his disappointment, for he seemed really to feel it very much.

I had a short courtship, for Ralph had to be off by the first of October. I went with him, of course; and though far from wealthy, yet there were few happier couples.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE PAPER.—Since the existence of the Bank of England the paper for its notes has been made by the Portal family, whose ancestor came over in a barrel after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, nearly two centuries ago, bringing with him the art of making fine paper, which, like those of silk weaving and dyeing scarlet, was up to that time unknown in England. Except by burglary, against which precautions are taken, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a scrap of the beautifully water marked paper produced at that mill. Every piece of bank-note paper is registered before it is removed from the frame, an account is kept by a locked dial, and every damaged note is accounted for before being ground up again into pulp.

A SINGULAR CLOCK.—There is a clock at Worsley, Lord Ellesmore's seat in England, which at 1 o'clock always strikes 13. The reason is that one day the great English canal maker of the last century, the Duke of Bridgewater, to whom the estate belonged, found a number of mechanics in his employ idling about after 1, when they ought to have returned to their work. Inquiring the meaning of this he was told that they had not heard the clock strike, it being much more easy to miss hearing the single stroke than half a dozen or so. The next day the clock struck 13, and has done so ever since.

AN OLD TIME GARMENT.—The following was part of an English gentleman's costume about the year 1659: A short-waisted doublet and petticoat breeches, the lining being lower than the breeches, is tied above the knees; the breeches are ornamented with ribands up to the pocket; and half their breadth upon the thigh. The waistband is set round with ribands, and the shirt hanging out over them. These petticoat breeches soon grew into actual skirts, and the doublet or jacket, which at first scarcely came below the breast, towards the last was so elongated that it was an actual coat, and had buttons and button-holes all down the front.

A TOBACCO-CHEWING HORSE.—Although one occasionally hears of a horse which will drink cider or whisky, a tobacco-chewing horse is a rare animal. Massachusetts boasts of two of the latter class. A physician, who is a lover of the weed, has trained two horses to chew. Whenever he takes his quid in the presence of his horse, the animal affectionately rubs his head against the shoulder of his master, as if to say, "Give me some;" and upon receiving his portion he immediately begins to chew it with apparent relish as he cheerfully trots off. The doctor taught a horse which he formerly owned the same habit.

THE COUNTRY OF ROSES.—In the Turkish language, Shipka means wild-rose. The village, which is at the bottom of the Balkan Pass, consists of about 800 houses, the inhabitants of which are occupied in the cultivation and sale of roses. That flower is not cultivated, as with us, in pots and gardens; but in fields and furrows, like potatoes. Nothing can be more beautiful than such a plantation of roses. Millions upon millions of red leaves are spread over the bright green of the rose-field. The oil of roses made here is of great value, and difficult to procure unalloyed, even at Constantinople.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FADED WRITING.—Faded writing can be restored by brushing over it a solution of sulphide of ammonium.

ELECTRICITY AND ULCERS.—The continuous electric current has been used successfully in the cure of chronic indolent ulcers.

SHEEP-PROTECTING COLLAR.—Sheep-killing dogs invariably attack the necks of their victims to sever the arteries and drink the blood, so an inventor has designed a collar with sharp projecting points, which effectually protects the sheep from his foe.

RAILWAY PILE DRIVER.—A railway pile-driver has just been introduced, in which the engine, hammers, derrick, ladders, etc., and hoisting-apparatus, are all confined within an ordinary-sized freight car. It is said to operate with unusual rapidity, and it is but the work of a moment to attach it to an engine or train.

CHEAP PAINT.—Slack clean, white, fresh lime to a powder, and mix it with water; add a pound of sulphate of zinc to every peck of lime, and half a pound of salt. The addition of yellow ochre will make it cream color; umber gives it a fawn color, and lampblack a gray shade.

A MAN'S FOOD.—A man of average size in the course of a single year introduces into his system from eight to nine hundred pounds of solid food, about eight hundred pounds of oxygen gas, and three-fourths of a ton of water; making altogether about three thousand pounds of matter.

THE PNEUMATIC CLOCK.—Among the many wonderful pieces of mechanism at the late Paris Exhibition, the pneumatic clocks exhibited in the Austrian section were not the least interesting. These clocks give exact time to all the clocks of a city simultaneously, whether the distance from them be six miles or sixty.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—As is often the case with discoveries, those in relation to electric lights are treading on one another's heels. A late invention consists mainly in placing the carbon points in a globe filled with nitrogen gas, which prevents their oxydation and therefore their consumption. Experiment, it is claimed, has fully demonstrated the utility of this adaptation.

BAROMETER HANDKERCHIEFS.—The latest novelty is a "barometer handkerchief." The design printed on it represents a man with an umbrella. In fine weather the umbrella is blue, in changeable weather gray, and in rainy weather white. The secret lies in printing this design in chloride of cobalt; but the first washing removes this sensative chemical, and destroys the barometric properties.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Smiles are the language of love.

Never neglect to call upon your friends.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Never give a promise that you do not fulfil.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

A true faith in science knows no limit to its search for truth.

Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Appear to be better than you are, and aim to be what you appear.

"See what I am!" not "See what my father was!" is an old and excellent Arabic saying.

Words should be subordinate to ideas. We never place the pedestal on the head of the statue.

The motives which a mean man attributes to the actions of another, are the measure of his own.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude, character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

It would be well if we had less medicine and more cures; less cant and more piety; less law and more justice.

We touch not a wire but it vibrates in eternity, and there is not a voice that reports not at the throne of heaven.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

Men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are far more tractable in cold blood.

The tall mountains are the sublime apostles of nature, whose surplices are snows, and whose sermons are avalanches.

Scepticism has long been the bugbear of youthful vanity, and it is considered knowing to quarrel with existing institutions and established truths.

The mind is weak when it has once given way; it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

FEMININITIES.

In Lombardy 300,000 women spin flax.

Richmond, Va., has two female boot-blacks.

Scarlet and blue stockings often contain poison.

Moorish women wear engagement rings in their nose.

The Genevesve train is among the most stylish novelties.

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's snowy brow, caught a severe cold.

The lady who had a spark in her eye is now suffering with a match in the other.

Women are too apt to think that certain vices in a young man, like moles upon a fair skin, are beauty spots.

Poor little Tom Hardduppe says he always give Mrs. H. her own way because it is the only thing he has to give her.

The gentleman who was devoured by love's flame recovered when his lady love threw cold water on his proposals.

A woman may always judge of the estimation in which she is held by the conversation which is addressed to her.

According to a salesman in one of the largest houses in this city, the average woman wears a five-and-a-half shoe.

Immense quantities of crystal-colored head embroideries appear on the handsomest imported evening and full dress toilets.

Georgia possesses a young gentleman and a young lady who were engaged. She named her pet calf after him. He broke the engagement.

A young widow has had three husbands. She has on hand a lawsuit to upset the will of the first, another to recover the insurance money on the second, and a third to obtain alimony from the last.

The newest slippers have one broad strap crossing the instep and buttoning on the outer side of the foot with one button. Other slippers have duchesse bows of ribbon which cover the instep.

A little girl, who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered, "It is giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

The versatility, breadth and scope of mind is illimitable, but it seems hard to comprehend how it is that a woman on returning from church can describe in detail every noticeable dress, and yet declare that she heard and enjoyed every word of the sermon.

There is a man who says that if we reasoned upon the number of an active Mormon's mothers-in-law, we should not hesitate to forgive his iniquities on account of the mighty vastness of his reparation. Our informant has just married his third wife, and all their material parents live in his house.

Some gentlemen were talking about a notorious coquette, when one of them astonished his companions by saying—"I offered her my hand yesterday and she accepted it." "How?" "Where?" "Tell us all about it." eagerly exclaimed the excited gentlemen. "It was just as she was getting out of a car," was the reply.

Unproven Courage.

On a lovely moonlight night in the middle of June, a light carriage drove down a grand avenue of lime and birch trees that led to an old manor-house in the province of Livonia. Harness-bells, which there serve to distinguish between post carriages and private ones, broke the silence merrily.

In the carriage sat, or rather stood, a boy of fifteen, whose eyes were intently fixed on the house in front of him, eagerly watching for some sign that his coming was noticed, or for the sight of a familiar face. And not in vain, for the sound of bells reached the servants' hall, and before the carriage had time to draw up at the door, an old servant stood there waiting to greet Oscar with a smiling face of welcome.

"Can I believe my eyes, young sir? Is it really you who have arrived at this late hour without giving notice of your coming? Can it indeed be you, Master Oscar?"

"Yes, Petruschka, I am really myself. Do you think it likely that I should stop away at school a moment longer than I was obliged to? No! not I; and the holidays began rather sooner than we expected. But, I say, is there no one at home?"

"No one but the servants. Your father, the Baron, has not yet come back from Riga, and the Baroness has gone away, for three days, on a visit in the neighborhood."

"What! My father and mother away, and all four carriage-horses out too. But I suppose that my dear old pony is in the stable anyhow. Tell me, how is Tuckum the fox getting on,—and the grey mare,—and how are the colts? They ought to be fit for light work by this time."

Thus eagerly inquiring after everything that seemed most lovable to his boyish heart, the handsome, well-built lad walked into the old hall; a large low room decorated with ancient weapons, armor, and many a finely-antlered red deer's head, all of which he had not seen since his last summer holidays.

"It it were not so late, Petruschka, I should like above all things to run out to the stable this very moment and give the old pony a kiss. But I'm afraid it must be nearly midnight, and hark! the cuckoo-clock in the dining-room is striking half-past eleven, but at least let us go out on the verandah for a few moments," said Oscar. So Petruschka unbolted the French windows which opened on to it.

They walked out together into the bright, clear, November summer night, which at this time of bear is no darker than our earliest summer twilight, and filled with intense pleasure at finding himself, after twelve month's absence, once more in his dearly-loved home, Oscar drank in the delicious smell of the wild cherry-blossoms and elder flowers, which there bloom later than with us, and often both together.

For some time they stood there talking and at length the old nurse turned to go in, but Oscar hung back, listening to the nightingale, whose voice gave a mysterious life to the deep stillness around. He waited there looking at the weird light of the moon glistening coldly on the silvery stems of the birches, but at last went into his own bed-room. When he got there he sat on the edge of his bed and opened his heart to his old nurse and friend. He told her that he was now in the second class, and that therefore his school-days would be over in two years and a half. "And then! then!" cried he, his eyes bright with excitement, "I will go into the cavalry. What a glorious life it must be when one can ride every day! And, who knows? perhaps a great war may break out, and if so, I feel an inward certainty that I shall distinguish myself in it. But be sure of this, until I have accomplished something that my father and everyone shall be proud of, until I have become a hero, a celebrated man, never will I sit down in ease and idleness under my ancestral roof-tree!"

"For heaven's sake, my dear young master, do not talk of war. Your good mother, and all of us, would be ready to die of anxiety if we knew that you were in danger and far away. We have only to see how well you sit a horse, and to know how kindly you deal with the servants and laborers, in order to be assured of your courage. You need not kill a lot of people to convince us of that."

"Indeed, Petruschka, you are wrong! Unproven courage is no courage at all," cried Oscar, stretching himself on his bed. "You have often said that I am kind-hearted, but I can tell you that if anyone ever dared to insult me, I should never rest until I had taken full vengeance."

"Dear! dear! young master, how can you have such wicked and terrible ideas in your head, and on the first evening of your return home, too! You should rather be thinking of returning thanks to God for having escaped the dangers of travelling by day and by night, and being safely housed here with us. Now, good-night, God bless you, and send you quiet rest."

With this Petruschka shut the door, and five minutes later Oscar was in bed, and asleep as sound as a top, only disturbed now and then by dreams of the flying enemy, whom he pursued on a coal-black steed, and struck down without mercy or pity.

Suddenly he was awakened by a strange noise. He rubbed his eyes. Was he still asleep and dreaming? No, he was quite sure he was awake. Again that very odd noise. Some one seemed to be pressing heavily on the latch of the door, and grumbling and grunting at it in a very odd way. Then the thing seemed to press harder and heavier on the fastening, till at last the door burst open.

Oscar knew that he was alone on this floor—all the servants slept below. He felt his blood run cold, in spite of the dreams of heroic courage which his imagination had painted in such lively colors a short time since.

But what on earth was it that he saw coming in?

An enormous bear, clear visible in the bright summer night, strode very solemnly into the room; it stood erect on its hind legs, growling gently to itself and swaying its body from side to side. It looked and sniffed about as if searching for something, and then softly and cautiously took its way toward's Oscar's bed.

His hair stood on end with terror, and beads of cold sweat broke on his forehead as the monster came nearer and nearer.

Even smaller grew the space between him and the monster. Thoughts raced with lightning speed through the boy's fevered brain. In a few seconds all the stories he had ever heard about bears came into his head; how men had escaped from their deadly embrace by shutting their eyes, and holding their breath as if they were dead. But now there was only a pace between him and the growling beast, and, shuddering and trembling, he watched the bear raise itself up and stretch out its huge paws towards the bed—then—all his plans about shutting his eyes and pretending that he was dead were scattered to the winds, and the poor boy hid his head like lightning under the bed-clothes.

But what did it mean? He felt nothing, no deadly clutch of those savage-looking fore-paws; though Oscar still heard the enemy growling away close to his head.

What an age those few seconds seemed to him! At length he plucked up courage and moved the clothes very gently to get a breath of air, and then cautiously peeped out, when, to his amazement, he saw the bear turn to the spare bed which stood at the foot of his own, and begin to roll up the bed-clothes and pillow into a bundle. It then squeezed them together with its powerful fore-paws, and dragged them quietly towards the door.

With every step that took the bear further and further from him, Oscar's presence, and peace of mind returned more and more, and when at last he heard the growling well outside in the music-room, he drew a deep breath, and felt that a spark of his old heroic courage still smouldered within him.

He got up very gently and crept towards the door, wondering all the time what on earth the bear could want with bed-clothes and pillows. He locked his door hurriedly, and then peeped through the keyhole, and, behold! the bear had placed its stolen goods on one of the divans that stood against the wall of the music-room, just as if the regular cushions were not soft enough, and was turning round and round on the divan, like a dog making a bed, and evidently meant to make itself quite comfortable and curl itself up for a good night's rest.

The boy watched all these proceedings quite rigid with astonishment, and then, after having again made sure that his enemy was securely locked out, he rushed to the bell and rang it violently for help.

It was a long time before anyone came to answer the bell, but at last Petruschka appeared, sleepily rubbing her eyes.

"Oh, Petruschka, I have passed such a terrible night!" cried the excited boy. "It is a miracle that you did not find me dead!" and he poured forth in glowing language a vivid account of all the horrors he had gone through.

Petruschka listened attentively at first, but gradually an amused expression stole over her face, and at last she could contain herself no longer, and just as Oscar came to the climax, she burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

If Oscar had been astonished at the behavior of the bear, he was hardly less so at that of Petruschka; but as soon as she could find words she said, "The fact is, young sir, that nobody expected you to return so soon, and in the middle of the night, like this. Your father, the Baron, has been looking forward to your coming home, and he had arranged a little surprise for you. The bear was caught in the woods about this time last year, just after you left for school. It has grown very large, but at the same time so tame that it is allowed to go about anywhere, and it constantly plays with the men outside and the dogs. It has even learned to open doors very cleverly. The Baron has often pictured to himself your face, the first time the bear came gravely in to breakfast, according to its custom. And although I could not help laughing just now, yet I am really very sorry you have been so badly frightened by our tame bear."

Oscar's face during this recital would have been a curious study as it went through the various changes from excitement to astonishment, and from them to shame and self-reproach.

When the old nurse had finished her story he cried, with a burning face and broken voice, "Petruschka, I will confess something to you that I would not have admitted to any other living soul. Never till now did I feel what fear meant; but to-night, during five minutes, which seemed as long as eternity, I learned to know it only too well, and I shall never forget the sensation as long as I live. I felt so utterly helpless with the wild beast, as I thought it, that, had I been able, I would have run away out of the room and hidden myself like a coward."

"Don't be ashamed of yourself on that account," answered Petruschka; "many another man would have done the same in your place." And she wished him good-night and left him.

Oscar turned and tossed on his bed for many a weary hour that night before he went to sleep. In his heart of hearts he saw clearly that his courage had not stood proof, and from his lips rose the neglected thanksgiving for his protection from all evil.

He never forgot the lesson, and when in after years he became a brave soldier and celebrated man, his favorite saying was, "Unproven courage is no courage at all, but all true courage comes from trust in God."

FEET OF CHINESE LADIES.—The compression of Chinese ladies' feet to less than half their natural size is not to be regarded as a mark, or as a consequence, of the inferiority of the sex. It is really a mark of gentility. Various accounts are given of the origin of this custom. One is, that an emperor was jealous of his wife, and to prevent her from gadding abroad, put her feet in iron stocks. Another is, that a certain empress was born with club feet, and that she caused the emperor to issue an edict adopting her foot as the model of beauty. A third account is, that another emperor was amusing himself one day in his palace, when it occurred to him that he might improve the appearance of the feet of a favorite concubine. He caused her feet to be so bent as to raise the instep into an arch, to resemble the new moon. The figure was much admired by the courtiers, who soon began to introduce it into their families. It is said that another emperor two hundred years later, placed a stamp of the lotus flower (water-lily) on the sole of the small shoe of his favorite concubine, so that at every step she took she left on the ground the print of the flower; hence girls with small feet are complimented at the present day as "the golden lilies." The operation of bandaging and compressing the feet is very painful.

In the Spring.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

As it proves always true that——
"In the Spring a young man's fancies
Lightly turn to thoughts of love."

it may be well for the older people to receive a hint, during the winter season, in regard to the distance over which the thoughts of love are liable to fly. They seldom stop near home. To be sure Adam seems to have set a good example for his descendents in regard to choosing a wife near home, but Adam's eldest son Cain went to the land of Nod for his wife, and from that day to this the average young man thinks and believes that he must wander far in search of a wife.

I have often wondered whether those maidens in the land of Nod were more beautiful and better dressed than those who lived near Cain's own home, or whether the maidens who knew Cain and his family objected to uniting themselves with such a people.

If only Cain had been more explicit in regard to the matter. He seems to have made out well, probably married a rich wife, as it is related that when Enoch, his eldest son, was born, he builded a city and he named the city "after the name of his son, Enoch."

Cain was the ancestor of all such as dwell in tents and have cattle, of all musicians and of all artificers in brass and iron. There seems to be no good reason why he should ever be ashamed of most of his descendents.

Samson too went down to Timnath and while there saw a daughter of one of the Philistines. "And he came up and told his father and his mother and said therefore get her for me to wife." "Then his father and his mother said unto him, 'Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren or among all thy people that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" "And Samson said unto his father, 'Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well.'"

Then there was Jacob, he traveled far and worked hard fourteen years for Rachel.

Probably if there had been a girl just as handsome and twice as good within a stone throw of home he wouldn't have thought her worth one year's labor.

Even King Solomon, that wise man, "loved many strange women together with the daughter of Pharoah." He had "seven hundred wives," women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites.

The poets have noticed this peculiarity of young men to wander far in search of a wife. Tennyson remarks upon it in his poem of "Dora"—

"But the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora,"

And again, when the father determines upon making a match, William resists his authority and makes the same remark that the average young man will make when sufficiently exasperated,

"I cannot marry Dora; by my life
I will not marry Dora."

Again in the poem of "The Sleeping Beauty," after the Princess has slept one hundred years the fairy Prince, who is to break the charm, arrives; he does not live near,

"He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince with joyful eyes
And lighter-footed than the fox."

He sees the bones and bodies of others scattered about near the thorny edge but

"This proverb flashes through his head,
Tho' many fail one may succeed."

Of course he succeeds, for he is "the one."

Longfellow, in his poem "Hiawatha," has beautifully referred to this regard of man for "strange women."

Hiawatha's grandmother attempts to give him a little advice,

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis—
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not,
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers,"
"And my Hiawatha answered
Only this—Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight."

As in all ages and under all circumstances the average young man has followed his own inclination in regard to choosing himself a wife, and as we cannot fail to see that he has usually done as well as he probably would have done if he had stopped at home and allowed his relations to choose for him, there seems no reason why we should not welcome the wife of his choice even though she be a stranger. Neither is there any good reason why we should cut the acquaintance of our daughters because they don't happen to fall in love with the ones we imagine we should if we were young again.

Therefore in the coming spring, be ye very careful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained "angels unawares."

A DUMB DOG.—A story is told in the German papers about the manner in which an intelligent dog adapted himself to his condition. A deaf and dumb lady had as a companion a younger woman also deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elder lady a little dog as a present. For some time, whenever anybody rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth, in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions." When expression by sound was useless, it fell with him into absolute disuse.

AN UNWILLING WORKER.—First and last, spiders have a hard time of it. The delicate cross hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs that have been taken from spiders, of a species that are selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material. The spider when caught, is made to spin its thread by tossing from hand to hand, in case he is indisposed to furnish the article.

FOLLIES OF PHILOSOPHY.—The follies of philosophy have been squaring the circle, the perpetual motion, the inextinguishable lamp, attraction and repulsion, the philosopher's stone, the universal solvent, the elixir of life, the influence of the stars, and the raising of spirits. These several subjects have, in the last fifty generations, absorbed the lives of at least ten thousand men in each, amid the veneration or fear of the vulgar of all ranks.

AN idle man is justly compared to a watch wanting both hands, as useless if it goes as if it stands, and the "whirligig of Time brings sad revenges" on those who make no note of his passing, by recording some good deeds and work in their calendar.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOWLS AND CHARCOAL.—Fowls need charcoal when in confinement; but that from wood is not palatable to them. The best way to furnish it is by charring an ear of corn. The fowls will devour it greedily, and the improved color of their combs will soon show its wholesome effect.

CARE OF PLANTS.—Plants, unless they have a green, thrifty appearance, are not worth houseroom; therefore they should be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water; so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in a gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water they will grow more thrifty. Always keep the soil in your flower pots loose. A common hairpin used daily will stir the earth sufficient.

STAY ON THE FARM.—Stay on the farm. There, at least, you have plenty to eat and wear. You can find something to do there which will pay you better than anything here, where for every place vacant, there are a hundred young men and women. In such circumstances it is a manifestation of folly for people to crowd into the city, there to scramble for the little employment that is going. If you are a young man stay where you are. If a young woman one peep into the many employment offices in this city, where day after day young girls sit, almost vainly waiting a chance for honest labor that will save them and their honor, will cure you of any desire to come to the city.

FALL PLOUGHING.—It is wise to plow in the Fall when it can be done. It saves much labor in the Spring when everything drives. On old lands many weeds will be likely to be turned under by Fall ploughing that might prove troublesome early the next Spring. If they were left. Sward land turned over early in the Fall will be partially decayed before the next Spring, so as to be more easily managed than if left until just before wanted for planting. By late Fall ploughing many insects are turned up to be destroyed by the cold weather. Old garden spots should be ploughed the very last thing before the ground freezes.

SMOKING IN THE BARN.—"No Smoking" ought to be posted in every barn. There is not much difference in having a horse-thief around the stable and a man cleaning off horses with a pipe or cigar in his mouth; and there is no hired man much meaner than the one who, when his employer comes round, slips his pipe in his pocket or puts his hand over it. All such fellows should be paid off and started off. As for the proprietor himself going into his barn with his pipe into his mouth, no complaints can be made, nobody should cry unless it is his wife and children. Lighting incendiaries and spontaneous combustion combined do not cause as many barns to be burned as the pipe, and generally, at least one good horse goes too.

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BE CALM, OH HEART, BE CALM!

BY DR. GRAY.

When days that bring adversity
Are passing o'er thy head;
When sorrow's cup is running o'er,
And every hope has fled;
Be not discouraged, there is yet
For every wound a balm;
Be brave, and in the darkest hour
Be calm, oh heart, be calm.

When friendship's ties are broken,
And love a traitor turns;
When friends are rudely banished
For whom affection yearns;
'Tis then, amid the turmoil,
Afar we see the palm;
Be patient, and throughout the fray,
Be calm, oh heart, be calm!

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

Miss Bertie was a small but very pretty girl of about eighteen, a genuine brunette with all the depth and richness of color belonging to a beauty of that order; her little teeth were of the whitest enamel, her ripe lips pouting, her eyes—but no—I hardly got a glance at them then, for they were cast down instantly, and the long fringed lashes lay heavily over the downy damask cheeks.

"Melancholy," I decided mentally, the downcast eyes, the weary drooping corners of the mouth, and some faintly sullen contraction of the raised brows leading me to that conclusion. Hardly noticing my outstretched hand, half resentfully, half sullenly evading the Doctor's blandishments, she slipped past us to a seat on a sofa which stood in a corner of the room, and sat leaning her head on her hand. Ah, I knew it so well—the avoidance of light, the obstinate abstraction! After chatting for a few moments with me, giving her meanwhile the benefit of some very quiet observation, the Doctor left us alone. I was working; Miss Bertie sat as before, looking on the floor. I knew that melancholy patients often maintain the same position for hours; so, finding her indisposed to talk, I let her be, and continued my amusement.

After a little time, as she continued so quiet, I forgot her very presence; my work dropped out of my hands, and my eyes wandered to the window. Heaven only knows what attraction suddenly drew them back to her, but, once attracted, they were riveted.

I must surely have made a mistake about her melancholy. Why, the large, dark, lustrous eyes were certainly not heavy with sadness, their bright open look was clear as daylight, and fixed, not solemnly, but intently, unflinchingly upon me! I stared back as steadily; then appeared one or two dimples which she pressed her ripe lips together to get rid of, and suddenly she sprang like a fawn to my side.

"I am an artist," she cried; "and I'll take my oath you are no more mad than I am!"

Perhaps some persons may suppose that to be an extraordinary speech to come from a lunatic; if so, they are mistaken. There is no assertion more frequently heard from the insane than "I am not mad," or, of some one else, "He is quite mad." So that did not startle me—but the expression of the face and eyes did.

At the sight of my wonder the dimples deepened again. As if conscious that they were out of place, she struggled to disperse them, but some sense of the ludicrous was too strong for her; downright fun flashed into her eyes, she dropped her demure struggle, and, sinking upon the sofa, her handkerchief held to her mouth to stifle the sound of her mirth, she laughed till the tears streamed down her rosy face.

"Oh, beg your pardon a thousand times!" she said at last, starting up. "I am ashamed of myself indeed; and my business is so serious, too. But tell me—I'm sure you are not——"

"Mad?" I supplied gravely. "No, thank Heaven, not now!"

She looked serious enough at this, earnest, but not melancholy. We stood and gazed at each other.

"I came voluntarily into this asylum, with my father's consent, on purpose to see you."

"You are not a patient?"

"No and yes. Have you ever heard of Lisa Gilbert?"

"Gilbert?" I caught her hand. "You come from my mother! How is she?"

"She is quite well, I believe." She spoke quietly, but a tiny curl of scorn lifted her red arched lip; I felt curiously repulsed. "You do not ask who arranged my coming—you do not seem anxious to learn if I am really mad—I may bite you for all you know:" and another sparkle of fun lit her expressive face.

"Tell me everything. If you are Lisa Gilbert, we are cousins," I said eagerly, one surprise succeeding another—this was a joyful one. Some of my disappointments had been very bitter, and I was glad to find that, though I had quite disliked the Reverend William Gilbert at first sight, my feelings were already very different towards his daughter, this strange young lady.

"It was a very good friend of yours who arranged my coming," she said hastily. "He traced you here, and concocted an elaborate plot for Doctor Pratt's mystification; for, before we could get you out, we wanted to be certain that you were sane—and to make sure that I am here under the name of—oh, if that thoroughly correct young lady knew it!—a slightly demented half-sister of Eustace, Lord Towerscourt."

"Ah!" I could not hear without flinching the name of the man who had been, however unwittingly, the cause of so much distress.

"Do try to conquer that feeling," urged my companion, laying her hand upon mine and speaking with great earnestness. "I—I know a good deal of the past; and his greatest fear is that you must feel that you owe much of the misery that you have endured to him. If you could see his remorse, have seen how indefatigable he has been in tracing you, how he has slaved to set things right, I know you would forgive him."

I sat silent, my hands covering my eyes for a little while, and then I turned to her.

"Lisa—I shall call you so at once—if I am permitted to leave this place, I mean to lead a different life from the selfish one I have hitherto led, and it will be no part in its scheme to cherish resentment."

She drew off a little.

"I discern what he has described," she said, looking gravely into my face; "he called you a goddess, and I think you want a little humanity—at least towards him. There is something refrigerating in your sweet, cold kindness."

I returned her gaze, and the next minute we were in each other's arms.

"Lisa," I murmured, impelled to sudden confidence, "I had one friend. I gave him all I had to give; it will be his till I die. Can you understand."

For all answer she clung to me.

"And now," I said in a livelier tone, "champion of a champion, tell me how you obtained admission into this grave for buried intellects."

"I don't call them bad quarters," she returned, looking round. "Well, after trying and failing in several endeavors to see you, he came to me. I am an artist, you must know—a student still but yet an artist."

"An actress, I should think."

"Perhaps a little of both—one helps the other wonderfully, and I have so often to pose my models for all sorts of characters, and think out attitudes and feel out feelings, that I flatter myself my personation of 'melancholy' is not bad—so I offered to enter the asylum as a patient and find out all about you. I came well recommended. Lord Towerscourt secured two accommodating doctors who allowed themselves to be gulled, and so my certificate was regular; and, as for your doctor, whether he is taken in or not, he was certainly willing to oblige a pillar of the State, as well as accept the pay—you don't know what an expense I am to my half-brother;" and she began to laugh heartily.

"You are a bold, brave girl; but how will you get out again when you wish?"

"I have been admitted only for a few weeks, while my supposed brother arranges about a trip to the Continent for the benefit of my health."

"And what is to be the next move in my case? It is easy to get in, but not so easy to get out."

"I despise your quotation. We have arranged a system of signals; all we wanted was to be sure that you had recovered—the rest will follow. Hush! I hear a step. Melancholy claims me for her own again."

The next instant she resumed her former dejected attitude and expression—the sullen mouth; the miserable brow, the dull, heavy half-closed eyes. It was wonderful acting.

Having thus let me understand her tactics and satisfied herself, no weak faltering with inclination, no puerile desire for intercourse hindered her scheme. After that day she never allowed herself to open her lips to me in confidence till the gates of the asylum were closed on us for ever. We did not object to meet or part—not the slightest inclination appeared either way; one rule was rigidly kept—never to be alone together. Only a stray gleam of her eyes, when there was no fear of our being observed, told that she was on the alert; and, whatever was the code of signals, it was so dexterously managed that it was never suspected.

She has been with us rather more than a week when I received a message summoning me to the consulting-room. It was in quite a different part of the house from that in which the patients lived—a large, heavy apartment, not half so bright, and cheerful as those of the other inmates. I saw that at a glance; and then my eyes fell on the occupant of the room—Doctor Pratt, with an odd look of doubt and crossed purposes on his face, a thin short man in black, a stout, pompous-looking clergyman, and my mother.

"Who are those persons?" the Doctor demanded, looking keenly into my startled face, and speaking the instant I appeared.

"Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Gilbert—my mother and uncle, I do not know the other gentleman." I answered promptly, hurrying up to my mother, who clasped me fervently in her arms, weeping copiously.

"I protest against Mrs. Fernley's removal;" said the Doctor steadily. "She was certainly insane when her husband placed her under my care, and sufficient time has not elapsed to enable me to pronounce her thoroughly cured. A magistrate's order for her removal would hardly authorise me to give her up without certificates from competent judges of her condition, and the consent of her husband."

"Mr. Fernley's conduct in refusing to disclose her residence when that place was a lunatic asylum will be investigated yet," rejoined Mr. Gilbert authoritatively.

"We are ready with the balance due to you for the lady's maintenance since the last payment," broke in the short man in a dry, clear voice. "If you choose, you may summon two medical men not interested in the case, and let them decide whether this lady, bearing every outward appearance of sanity, should be still immured and kept out of her property by the insane will of her husband, whose craze on a certain point is known. If you persist in keeping her, we shall at once institute law-proceedings; and I ask you, Doctor Pratt, if this will be the first time public attention will be called to your establishment in connection with an extraordinary case. One lately met with rather scanty investigation, but the friends of Mr. Turner——"

Whatever case the little man alluded to, was recollected by Doctor Pratt: he turned purple, and then livid.

"There was not a slur on my name through that most deplorable affair," he said vehemently.

"The case itself would not bear raking up—you know that," returned the little man warningly; "let it rest, Doctor Pratt, I advise you. It is hardly possible that it should not be remembered if Mrs. Fernley's friends summon you to show cause why—while perfectly sane—you keep her in custody."

If there had been nothing in the past to appal the Doctor, I think my deliverer would have retired worsted: but some painful mystery made him afraid of drawing unwelcome attention to his establishment just then. He pondered a little, and then said gravely—

"The lady is better, I acknowledge, but I am not bound to restore her to you: still, under the circumstances of her mother and uncle claiming her, Mr. Fernley being abroad, and—from my last letter remaining unanswered long past the usual time—the possibility of delay in getting his sanction for her removal, I consent."

A quarter of an hour afterwards the great iron gates of the asylum closed behind us.

"Mine at last! My own, own child!" cried my mother, straining me in her arms when we were safe in the carriage awaiting us, and the two gentlemen had walked off towards the station. "Oh, my love, can I credit that I have you at last! How pale you are! I have seen you otherwise; it is very strange that my child should have a complexion so destitute of bloom."

"You have a beautiful complexion," I acknowledged quietly, but I felt it chilling that the first moments of our reunion should be spent in discussing complexions.

CHAPTER XXII.

I went with my mother and uncle for a few days to a peaceful little village some miles from my late prison, where we waited for Lisa Gilbert to join us; and here we were met by Lord Towerscourt.

It was a strange, sad meeting—we were both deeply affected—but I was glad to have seen him when the first interview was over, and we felt we were friends for life without the possibility of any mistake again. He said one thing which struck me as peculiar—

"With Heaven's help I will give you cause to rejoice and not mourn that I crossed your path."

"Clearly understand, Eustace," I said solemnly "however well you may mean it, I will suffer no mediation between Denis and myself."

"I am the last person to dare to interfere between you," he answered as earnestly.

It was a relief to turn to the subject of Lisa Gilbert. He was eloquent on the subject of her unselfishness her bright audacity, her quick resource.

"From the moment she understood the position, I think she never slept till she had arranged the plan. I—even I—thought it an awful risk for her, but she was burning to sacrifice herself, if need were, in your service. I'd sooner trust that quick-witted girl than a score of men."

Remembering the eloquence with which she had pleaded for him, it struck me that the delight of aiding him might have seconded her benevolent effort for me. He was a very handsome young man, better looking than ever, now that some change had deprived his of him boyish look, and given more stability to his aspect.

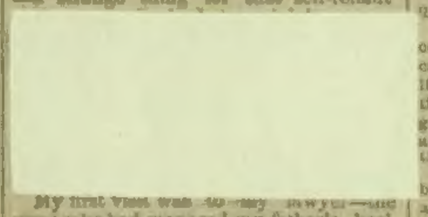
"She is a wonderful girl," I said warmly.

"She is a plucky, warm hearted little creature. I am very fond of Lisa."

He spoke like an affectionate brother, and his outspoken anxiety about her and longing to get her back were free from the shyness and reserve of a warmer passion.

In a few days Lord Towerscourt reclaimed Miss Bertie; and that young heroine returned to us bright with triumph, and with a wonderful collection of sketches and studies made in the asylum, which she declared would be invaluable to her in her art.

I grew to love my little cousin, she was the quaintest, most fascinating girl I had ever met, bright, original, unselfish, but as crotchety and independent a young damsel as the nineteenth century has produced, with all its vagaries in that line. She did not flaunt her eccentricities, but they developed themselves day by day; and Eustace, while petting her like a favorite sister, took much the same pride in showing off her various gifts and peculiarities as a man has in exhibiting the tricks of a favorite dog. I soon noticed that, quite unconsciously, he seemed to claim a sort of right to her, which, just as unconsciously, she allowed—a strange thing for that self-reliant



My first visit was to my lawyer—the same who had managed my father's business. Denis had told him nothing, had given him no instructions, and I had no money difficulties to contend with. We took a moderate sized house in one of the quiet squares, and there I lived with my relatives.

I must tell now, how, as I was brought into daily and hourly companionship with my mother, I came gradually to see that there was not and could not be the least sympathy between us. The glamor of her exceeding beauty did not blind me now, and the soft helplessness of her manner became associated with indolent selfishness. I grew uneasy beneath the lavish caresses which served with her affections, and were particularly abundant when she had a point to urge.

She was extravagant and profuse, and appeared to regard my recovery chiefly as the signal for unbounded gaiety of life. It was pursued, she averred plaintively, to rouse me; but I was forced to be very positive, or I should have presented the incongruous spectacle of a wife living apart from her husband and plunging into the fullest licensed dissipation that the metropolis afforded. She nervously avoided all mention of the past, and craved only for continual excitement. To my surprise, her brother, whom I had hitherto considered a wolf preying upon a tender lamb, was much more moderate. No doubt that bland clergyman had his pleasures, but advancing years had sobered him; he was now chiefly addicted to quietness, port wine, and the fireside. He was indulging to his sister, obsequious to his nieces, and afraid only of his daughter.

I was disagreeably surprised to find that it was taken for granted that Lisa would not live with us; she disappeared the day we arrived in London. As soon as we were settled, I applied to my uncle for the reason of this, seeking him in his particular snuggery, where he was sitting thoughtfully before a deep-red glowing fire, his favorite wine at his elbow, his fat hands folded on his lap, and looking with his portly ecclesiastical air like a father abbot of the old times.

"Why does not Lisa live with you, uncle?" I asked, accepting the chair he handed with many expressions of pleasure at receiving me.

"There is no reason, except that she is a strange eccentric girl," he answered, stooping for the tongs to adjust a coal nicely in a red hollow. "She has lived by herself for more than two years. You know, my dear, your mother's affairs have taken up so much of my time that little has been left for my own family. My wife—an excellent woman—was the daughter of an artist; Lisa inherited her grandfather's gift. Very clever is Lisa, they tell me. She makes her own income."

"Does that mere girl live alone and support herself?"

"You are surprised. It is quite her own wish. I gave her a good art-education, and she has got the craze of the nineteenth-century young people, and insists on being independent."

"Two years!" I cried, astonished. "She could have been only sixteen."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The greatest evidence of the versatile ingenuity of dame Fashion is illustrated in her power to create the most exquisite fantasies of modern dress from those which reigned in supreme favor many, many years ago, and reproduce them with all the charms of novelty, as to make us forget they are only what had been laid aside and forgotten.

The chronicles of the times of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. tell us of the elaborate elegance of the brocades, satins, jewels, plumes, laces, and embroidery which shone in such glory in those periods; and while each succeeding period of fashion has added some fresh elegance to the charms of dress, it has been really the revolving wheel of time which carried round into oblivion the old, which in successive turns comes back from the past bright and fresh with novelty.

The brocades and satins of the present vie with those of the past. The costumes and old pictures are among the popular models of the present, and old brocades and old laces possess charms greater than the new. Such is the summing up of the prevailing styles of the day, and to express all the elegances of dress one must almost create fresh words to do justice to the theme. As lace was a reigning favorite in other days, so it is at present, and is an article of adornment always highly prized and esteemed, and not so many years ago gentlemen found it a charming accessory to their costume, and it ornamented their shirts, and ruffles, and cravats as conspicuously as it does ladies' dress in these modern times, when it is now restricted to the fair sex. One cannot wonder at the universal admiration which lace ever monopolizes, as it improves every dress—in its simplest or most elegant form. In former times it was only the wealthier people who could indulge in such costly trimmings, but now manufacturers so skilfully imitate the real laces—such as Point, Honiton, and a variety of others—they can be obtained with little cost, and can economically serve as a trimming for many dresses.

The most popular moderate priced lace at present is Breton, which has taken the place of Torchon as a trimming for dresses and its numerous little accessories, although Torchon still competes with it and its fresh attractions, in its reproducing in design the Maltese and Cluny laces of old.

Breton lace is merely an imitation of Mechlin, the foundation being the old-fashioned bobbinet, on which is darned the design, forming a straight edge, and is used for neck and wrist quillings, and edges the popular and pretty little three-cornered pieces of India muslin.

In connection with this subject I must bring to the notice of my readers the new "Medici" collar, which is among the novelties competing for their favor. It is composed of two rows of lace sewed together at the edges and then box-pleated, and another plain row is in the centre, while a piece of muslin is put at the back to keep it well in place. This collar is made to fit the throat, or to come down in front of an open square corsage.

As Fashion apportions the use of lingerie or lace, according to the costume and occasion, the discussion suggests other hints, which may be of use to my readers. The plain linen collar and cuff which has so long been worn for dressy and plain occasions, is now confined to the morning dress and short street costume, while deep lace collars, frillus, and lace ruches belong exclusively to evening wear, or such occasions as require a distinctive change in one's attire.

For those who require some pretty and convenient article to meet these demands, I can well recommend the fichu of India muslin, edged all around with Breton or Imitation Point lace, for it adds much to the elegance of a simple costume, and is as useful and becoming to the high neck dress as with the low neck.

The foundation of India muslin, or fine bobbinet lace, is three-cornered in shape, and the lace is put on the edge slightly full, the ends are caught together loosely in front by a small bunquet or plot of narrow ribbons in several shapes.

A fichu of black Brussels net can be produced after the same model with charming effect; the edge is trimmed with a pleating or full gathered frill of imitation black lace, with a narrow lace forming a heading, and a fine jet of beading between.

Black lace, with a design in gilt thread, is also charming for such a model.

The effect of any of these selections is not only most pleasing, but is of incalculable convenience to those whose simple wardrobe is governed by economy.

The list of lovely morning caps still increases by some new and becoming additions; the foundation is only a square of muslin ingeniously twisted and folded, with quilling of lace on the edge, and bows of gay colored ribbon.

The winter season creates the necessity of pretty robes de chambre in one's wardrobe. The combination of materials is effectively carried out in these toilettes as in those for street or dress occasions. I have seen a pretty one of blue cashmere, half loose in front, and the back arranged in pleats from the neck to the bottom of the skirt where it opened in a broad fan. To keep these pleats in place, narrow bands are placed horizontally from the neck half-way down the skirt, these are composed of silk embroidered in a simple pattern in white floselle and edged with Breton lace, which forms a quilling down the front and round the neck, mingled with loops and flots of satin ribbon. Among the stylish costumes I have seen lately was one of fine black camel's hair serge, trimmed with bands of rough, shaggy black bourette on the skirt with a kilt pleating below of the camel's hair. The tunic was edged with a band of bourette which formed wide revers each side of the back drapery, a directoire coat of the bourette, opened over a vest of the camel's hair the whole effect was very *comme il faut*, and quite a pleasing contrast to the usual models for mourning costumes.

Here is another costume which I think will please: The material is dark green, with the skirt bordered by a pleating of green Pekin, above which is a band of green brocade in which are woven pure gold threads; this is cut on the lower edge in squares, showing the pleating beneath. The tunic is trimmed with a wide band of the brocade which forms a Polignac coat with large square pockets on the back, on which are large gilt buttons. An exquisite costume of black Pekin moire, in which the stripes of satin and moire alternate, was made with a short skirt trimmed with pleatings of satin and silk. The tunic of black silk was open and flat in front and caught together by satin bows, and once passed through button-holes, the back gathered up into the elongated panier puffed out near the waist, the coat of Pekin moire opens over a white moire vest at the chest, and shows a frill of jabot or cascade of white lace.

A stylish costume of simpler materials was of navy blue cashmere, with a deep kilt of flounce, the pleats alternating with perpendicular bands of fine Tartan cashmere, a scarf of the two materials was draped across the front and formed a succession of square ends in the back. The coat of plain blue had a vest of the plaid, and buttoned double-breasted at the waist with large smoked pearl buttons.

As for the shape of bonnets this winter, they are legion. It seems that all the bonnets worn at different periods compete to-day for public favor, but are compelled to share it with each other, as they are all worn.

Besides the forms already alluded to, there are Da Vinci bonnets of black velvet, similar to the cap worn by Leonardo da Vinci; the Cabriolet, a large bonnet with wide open front, called Clarissa Harlowe; Henri the Third toques, with soft crown and stiff Rabagas brim.

For those who depend upon paper models for their guide in making outside wraps, I have especially noted the following which I can recommend as being quite a la mode and suitable for an elaborate trimming or a simple adornment, and can be made of silk, camel's hair, or drap d'ete. The "Isoude Visite," as it is termed, is prominently popular, and combines a dolman back fitted by a seam down the middle and a sacque front with square sleeves. The outer parts of the sleeves are cut in a single piece with the shoulder pieces and the under parts are extensions of the fronts. It requires two yards of 48 inch goods or four of single width.

The "Visite Zodine" is another exceedingly simple in cut, is a circle shape almost entirely loose with a slightly curved seam down the middle of the back, the armholes are formed by curved slits concealed by the trimming. The shoulders are fitted by deep gores, and the effect is very pleasing.

The "Lystra Dolman" also recommends itself for style and simplicity, being in sacque form with large flowing sleeves inserted in dolman style, it fits closely over the shoulders, has wide loose fronts and a seam fitting in the middle of the back and side gores under the arms. It is trimmed with a band of silk or passementerie above and requires 5 yards and three quarters of 24 inch goods or three yards of 48 inch width.

Our Fireside Chat.

Useful Hints on Patching and Mending.—When a rather large hole or thin place makes its appearance, it must be mended by a patch, matching exactly in texture and pattern. The fresh piece should, if possible, be slightly worn, to prevent too great strain on the old, causing the tear to start afresh. Of this we have an illustration in the words of St. Luke, "No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment," &c. Hence the importance of storing up odds and ends. A careful housewife has always a good stock in her piece bags, one of which she reserves for white, the other for colored scraps. In repair, and with a plain material, the patching is comparatively an easy matter; but stripes, checks, and broadies call for some ingenuity in arranging the design so well that no break is perceived.

When the fabric is cut on the bias, the renovating piece must correspond, though as a rule patches are either square or rectangular in form. Squaring corners constitutes the chief difficulty of patching. To manage these perfectly they need mitring or nicking as the case may be, and both piece and hole have to be sewn even to a thread.

Garments, specially children's, occasionally require mending at the elbows and under the arms. To prevent an unsightly repair, it is necessary to rip up the seams and, having sewn the patch in neatly on either side of them, join the sleeves or armholes again. In articles too shabby to be worth very careful doing up, the added piece may be slip-stitched on, provided it follows and never breaks the seam.

Judgment is likewise requisite in the choice of cotton and needles, both as to color and size. If too coarse they draw up the threads, and the cotton if too fine breaks away from the stuff altogether. The easiest way of patching is to fix the fresh piece on the right side before removing the old. There are three different methods of doing this, viz.: counter-beamming, slip stitching, and sewing and felling. These are by some considered best for new materials.

The counter-beamed patch could be utilized for almost any repairing, except that it takes such wide turnings. For its execution cut out a piece of material considerably larger than the hole or worn part, and turn it down all around about a quarter of an inch. Place it smoothly over the decayed fabric, taking care not to strain too much, or the stuff underneath will set in tucks. Tack and hem down neatly on each side, letting the stitches be extremely close at the corners. Turn the work on the wrong side, cut out the worn part, and make a hem on the patch itself.

The Slip stitched Patch.—Proceed as above, but, instead of hemming, slip stitch neatly on the right side. The result will be a very tidy patch, specially suitable for cashmere, silk, merino, and other fine materials that do not wash. Slip stitching also answers remarkably well in home contrivances, such as recovering ball shoes when faded, and thus utilizing scraps of silk, etc., to harmonize with the toilet.

Too Sewn and Felled Patch.—Crease the material on the right side at about two inches beyond the thin place. Cut a suitable patch straight to a thread, allowing a quarter of an inch turning all round for the wrong side. Tack or pin it upon the fabric, and sew regularly; flatten the seam, and turn the work. Lastly, remove the worn place, and finish off the patch by a narrow hem on the under surface. If necessary, make a tiny slit at each corner to keep the fresh piece square. More experienced menders prefer to cut away the threadbare portion first, and then let in the patch. This is decidedly the best way, though it makes the management of corners more tiresome; however, a little practice soon overcomes the difficulty. The following are the methods used in this kind of piecing.

The Sewn Patch.—Remove the worn part entirely, and nick the corners of the hole for the turnings. Cut out the patch a quarter of an inch wider all round. Crease the edges of both hole and patch, and tack them together on the wrong side. Mitre the corners of the piece to make the repair set well. Sew the four sides neatly and closely, taking the stitches only one or two threads into the stuff, and fasten off securely. Fell down the turnings, or only overcast them if mending a woolen, silken, or extremely stout fabric, such as coutil, &c. When completed, flatten the seams by the thumb nail or thimble or, if necessary, press with a hot iron.

The Run Patch.—Prepare the hole exactly as for the sewn path, and crease down a turning as a guide to the stitches. Cut out a fresh piece to fit, allowing a quarter of an inch on each side, taking care not to pucker in the least, and letting the stitches be closer together at the corners. Make the seam neat by felling, which will set without mitring the corners.

The Darned Patch is frequently employed when short of scraps for mending or making knickerbockers stronger, carpets, or any rough fabrics. The small bit, or even a piece of another material, matching as nearly as possible in color, may be placed under the hole, then secured, and almost concealed by rows of neat darning.

The Seamless Patch is very similar to the above, but the darning, instead of covering the weak part, merely surrounds the edge. The repair often appears in sheets, towels, &c., wherever, from scarcity or frailty of stuff, a seam is undesirable. Cut a piece of the same material a little wider than the hole itself; tack it upon the wrong side of the fabric, letting the edges of place and hole overlap. When both have been pared, secure the patch to the stuff on the right side by darning backwards and forwards about six stitches in height. Leave regular loops, and see that the needle takes in both upper and under surfaces. The darning crosses at the corners, thereby giving them additional strength. With the exception of the corners, neither rows nor stitches should be as close together as in ordinary mending.

The Buttonhole Patch surpasses the seamless patch in neatness and flatness, and is reserved for the best linen in cases of accidental burns, stains, &c., where the damage cannot be well remedied by darning. The patch is very valuable in stockings, and has recently suggested an excellent plan for seaming petticoat bodices without the slightest ridge, thus facilitating the perfect fit of the fashionable corsages. To make it, cut the worn part and prepare a piece, identical in material, and of the exact dimensions of the hole: work separately the edges of patch and hole in close buttonhole stitch, with embroidery or flourishing thread. Secure the piece to the fabric by two or four pins at the corners, and sew it on by passing the needle from the loop of each stitch over the opposite one.

The Flannel Patch.—There are three ways of mending flannel. In the first fix the piece exactly like the seamless patch, then herring bone all round on the right and wrong side, letting the upper row of stitches exactly cover the under one. For the second process, commence as for the run patch, but, instead of felling, herring-bone the turnings. In the third and lightest method, crease the four sides; manage the corners as already described; set in the patch so that the former exactly correspond with those of the material; then herring bone the edges of the renewed part and hole together. Flannel patches are equally well adapted to the repairing of old quilts.

Flannel Strengthening Patch.—This repair, is in frequent requisition for thin places round the arm-holes, &c. Cut out a piece of fresh flannel the desired shape, tack it upon the material, and herring-bone all round.

The stuff, being so apt to stretch, needs the hand to be held rather loosely in working.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

LUM. T. (Walworth, Wis.)—Procure a better situation before you decide on marriage.

I. H. (Berrien, Ga.)—The cheapest and simplest tooth-powders are charcoal and prepared chalk.

G. E. (Union, N. C.)—There is no receipt for thickening the eyebrows. See answer to M. Angelo.

M. ANGELO, (Union, N. C.)—There is no effectual method of removing superfluous hair, excepting the disagreeable one of plucking out.

MOTHER, (Frederick, Md.)—The stories of Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels are both fiction, though the former is said to be founded on fact.

E. E. (Seneca, O.)—Certainly; parents have authority to open their children's letters until such time as the latter have arrived at years of discretion.

HAGUE, (Lansing, Mich.)—Copper is found more or less in all the mountains of Russia. It is not likely, however, that it will ever become an article of import.

CARMINE, (Acra, N. Y.)—A young lady ought not to flirt with a young gentleman who is engaged nor to allow him draw her into a flirtation. Both are very wrong.

SCAILLER, (Rocks, Kans.)—The great bell of Moscow, Russia, the largest in the world, is sixty-seven feet in circumference, and weighs twenty-two thousand pounds.

JIM, (Kent, Del.)—There are three personages in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland bearing the title of Lord Mayor—namely, in London, York and Dublin.

MARK, (Agnes's Hill, Va.)—If you place lavender or rose leaves, or even a cake of dry old Windsor soap in your writing desk, you will find that it will impart an agreeable odor to your paper.

TOM, (Choctow, Miss.)—We could not undertake to furnish you with a "model for a love letter." A man who cannot write his own love letters should not attempt to deal in that delicate article.

M. A. T. (Advance, Mich.)—A young lady who has an objection to smoking should candidly mention the circumstance to any gentleman who desires to pay his addresses to her and who is addicted to the use of tobacco.

DALTON, (Bryceville, O.)—You will have to send to Scribner & Co., New York, for St. Nicholas. The others may be obtained of Porter & Coates, or Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALBERTA, (Hall, Md.)—The young man has behaved very unhandsomely to you, but your best course will be to strive hard to dismiss him from your mind, and to treat him with the coolest indifference when you happen to meet.

X. (Douglas, Ont.)—No; love, like the cold bath, seems never to be negative; that is, it seldom leaves us where it finds us. If once we plunge into it, it will either heighten our virtues or inflame our vices. Do not think of giving the girl up.

J. C. C. (Baltimoreville, N. Y.)—Living in a village as you say, where "two friends calls upon a stranger whom they have never met," lady No. 1—who should be the oldest and more experienced—should introduce herself first and then her friend.

GOSSO, (Camden, N. J.)—If the young lady has been so indiscreet as to accept the polited attentions of other young gentlemen, when actually engaged to yourself, and you have broken off that engagement in consequence, you should hesitate very much before you renew it.

WAKEFUL, (Guthrie, Iowa.)—People talk in their sleep generally from a species of nightmare. Do not eat suppers nor drink spirits before retiring to rest. As for anything happening next day in accordance with what people dream or talk about in their sleep the idea is absurd.

HARRY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is not proper to attempt to urge the young lady into a precise and formal avowal that she loves you, so long as you can see by her conduct that she really does. It ought to be sufficient for you to be placed beyond all fear or doubt upon the subject, as you really seem to be.

T. L. (San Francisco, Cal.)—Every novice, and most old stagers, believe they are fitted to take leading parts in dramatic representations, and frequently find themselves disagreeably undeceived by being received with shouts of laughter and derision instead of those enthusiastic cheers they anticipate.

J. A. (Cass, Ind.)—As a general rule it is preferable for the husband to be older than the wife; but where a very sincere affection exists between a gentleman and lady, the latter being two or three years the senior, we do not advise that this disparity in age should constitute a barrier to marriage.

LILY, (Switzerland, Ind.)—The only way in which you can reduce your tendency to corpulence is by a complete abstinence from beer, sugar, or anything that contains sugar. Avoid vegetables, potatoes especially, and confine yourself to a simple bread and meat diet. Do not drink vinegar, or take medicine to excess.

FRANCIS E., (Acworth, N. H.)—It mainly depends on what occasion and in what manner the young man offers you his arm as to whether you were both in the company of relatives or friends. If he was respectful and courteous in his manner there seems no need of refusing an act of politeness.

J. ROSE, (Trenton, N. J.)—We have deliberately said before, and we repeat the opinion, that it is unbecoming and indelicate on the part of a young lady to make any overture or demonstration of a tender character towards a gentleman with whom she may have fallen in love, but who has shown no signs of loving her. We do not consider that you are justified in blaming us for advancing this opinion.

OSGOOD, (Agawam, Mass.)—Metal tooth-picks, let them be of gold or silver, injure the enamel more or less, and the hard bristle tooth-brushes and dentifrices act upon this nicely polished surface with equal injury, if not judiciously selected and applied; and if once the smallest portion of the enamel of a tooth is destroyed, it never is restored, consequently the tooth decays, and ultimately breaks down upon the gum.

LIZZIE, (Woodstown, N. J.)—The gentleman evidently loved you as much as you cared for him, and when he called for your answer it would have been no effort to have given it in the affirmative. The reason of his present apparent coldness is probably a belief that you do not care for him, or are trifling with him, an impression he might very naturally have under the circumstances. If you come together again and he should renew his offer we would advise you by all means to accept him.

HEWRICUS, (Washington, Ind.)—Yes; Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to Henry IV., was married to Charles I., at Canterbury, June 13, 1625. Her portraits represent her to have been beautiful, and she was certainly a woman of ability. But your idea of her character and condition is not to be confined to these circumstances, for she was certainly faithless to her unhappy husband, after whose death, living in France, she privately married Lord Jermyn, her favorite, a descendant of whom, not very many years ago, was a grocer in London.

BUT-NUT, (Albany, N. Y.)—In Spain some years ago it was death to touch the person of the sovereign, and the same absurd etiquette was carried almost to the same extent in France, even during part of the last century. The bride of Louis XIV., having been thrown from her horse, was dragged some distance before any knight would risk his own life to save her. It being high treason to touch her; and even after two young lords had devoted themselves, the Queen was obliged to entreat their pardon of her husband on her knees, in order to obviate the awful consequences of their generous act.

HISTORICUS, (Nickcott, Mo.)—We can furnish you Shakespeare's complete works bound in splendid library style, for $5.50. 2. The charts, we believe, will enable a person totally ignorant of music to play on the piano a correct and harmonious accompaniment to the voice or another instrument, although they will not teach the playing of airs as is generally understood. What they do teach, however, makes them well worth what is asked for them. 3. There are numerous works on debating and the management of meetings, etc., which will be cheerfully furnished by any publishing house. 4. We would recommend nothing in particular for a young author to read. The rule that ought to govern him should be to select the very best writers attainable. If he does not know himself which these are he hardly amounts to much as an author. 5. Thirty years is not too old, nor would fifty years be too old to think of acquiring a knowledge of French and German. With proper care and application you could gain a passable reading, writing, and even speaking knowledge of both tongues in less than a year. 6. We think that in the West, your own state among the number, teachers just now have the best chance. If the rate of compensation is lower than in the cities and further East, there are fewer applicants, and the necessity for superior scholarship is hardly so great.

ARTHUR AND CURTIS, (Ann Arbor, S. T.)—If the young man is engaged to the lady, generally speaking, there can be no harm in it. Promiscuous kissing, however, should be avoided like the plague. It is not etiquette, but a very silly and very offensive custom for gentlemen to take the lady's arm. Nothing will justify a young couple even if engaged and "living each other to distraction" to remain alone until three o'clock in the morning. If a girl has not sense enough to do it, the girl's father or brother should request the fellow's departure at a reasonable hour. When we say that your last question leaves no intelligence to be referred to you may clearly understand our opinion of it. An engaged young lady may correspond with whom she pleases. Her own good sense, however, will teach her she should neither send nor receive letters that might endanger the honesty and stability of her engagement. To attempt the history of the four-leaf clover would consume too much space. The author of the distich:

Love is a shadow, all things show it;
Once I thought so—now I know it,

was probably some lovesick manufacturer of confectionery, invented by the use of secret paper poetry. A lady, though engaged, may give her picture to an old and valued gentleman friend unhesitatingly. You may at sixteen or seventeen keep company, but it is somewhat young, and it is certainly too young to marry. At present we have no need of it. Twice a week is sufficiently often for a gentleman to call upon his lady love, and ten or at the very latest eleven, is as long as he should stay. A gentleman has no right to put his arm around a lady when riding unless some circumstance made it absolutely necessary. A pair of gloves, photograph album, book—anything, in fact, that is neat, pretty, or useful and not too expensive, is suitable for a Christmas present to the girl. In this section of country "stretch" does not constitute part of the average monthly salary, therefore, we are unable to advise. Diamond, emerald or pearl would be appropriate in an engagement ring. The expense would vary from perhaps fifty dollars to hundreds. Some of the most certain and common consequences of a young lady's putting wedding cake under her pillow are to excite the astonishment of washwoman's pardons next washday by the greasy condition of the sheet and slip at that particular spot; or at least have an uncomfortable night of it from the dry crumbs travelling down the bed and scratching her. If the gentlemen are merely friends, call as friends, and are treated as friends, the young man has no right whatever to be jealous and is a fool if he shows it. Neither specimen of handwriting is good enough for book-keeping purposes.